FRANCE'S TWO ELECTIONS **NORMAN BIRNBAUM**

THE NATION

MARCH 11, 1978 *60 cents*

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United Nations (1954)

THE SYNGMAN RHEE FILE **Barton J. Bernstein**

Panic Over a Wicked Old Man

'Cloud on the Title'

A BLIGHT HITS BLACK FARMERS

C. SCOTT GRABER

WATCHING FOR COMINFIL

Even the Quakers Scared the FBI

Ann Morrissett Davidon

McCARTHY in '68: THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN

Stephen Darst

Television & the Li... ...ing

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LETTERS

responsibility in sports

Torrance, Calif.
Since Carey McWilliams's reply to my letter elevated the matter of Kermit Washington and basketball violence to a discussion, I wonder if *The Nation* would allow me, a former sports editor, one more (and final) point.

In his rebuttal [Letters, Feb. 11], McWilliams makes much clearer what he had in mind in his original editorial, and he makes some worthwhile points. But he still does not grapple with the troubling question of individual responsibility, a question which has to be met under any social system whatsoever.

What is responsibility in this context? Wilt Chamberlain, who was urged to become a heavyweight boxer, might easily have killed or permanently maimed another basketball player with his fists. In all his years of being bumped around, harassed, double and triple teamed under the basket, he never threw a punch. He accepted the responsibility that went with his strength. Kermit Washington, whether the term "thug" is apt or not, is also a giant of a man and an awesome puncher. He permitted himself the self-indulgence of "going berserk" and flailing out murderously at his fellow athletes (at least 95 percent of whom, sports writers tell me, hold him in contempt). Washington makes $150,000 a year. No social or economic devil "made him do it." It is one thing to wish him well now as a presumably chastened player who has paid his penalty. It is another to portray him as a victim of the "jackpot syndrome" and absolve him of accountability for his actions. . . .

Lester Rodney

New York City
It is good to see *The Nation*, which usually ignores sports, carry a debate between Lester Rodney and Carey McWilliams on the causes of sports violence. In his letter Lester Rodney challenged McWilliams to produce any evidence of media encouraging basketball punch-outs.

There is a very pertinent illustration. Slightly more than a month before the unfortunate Kermit Washington assault on Rudy Tomjanovich, *Sports Illustrated* [Oct. 31] ran an article on NBA "Enforcers," replete with color photos of the intimidating forces of pro basketball. Kermit Washington was included in this article, but during his suspension, Washington told a reporter that he did not want to pose but L.A. Laker management strongly urged him to do so, considering it good publicity for the team.

Although most sports fans cringe at the sight of good clean aggressiveness turning into ugly violence, there can be no argument that the trend is increasing for reasons of a structural nature Carey McWilliams described. . . . I am surprised that Mr. Rodney chooses to flay Kermit Washington, a player without past history of violence, who in fact missed much of last season because of an injury inflicted by another team's rough guy. The real problem for sports fans and lovers of genuine sports performance is how to stop the growing barbarism of sports, the appearance of such terms as "enforcers" being just one disturbing example.

Lee Elihu Lowenfish

addendum to Birnbaum

New York City
I'm surprised at Norman Birnbaum's innocence, as displayed in the following sentence from his "The Danger of Chaos in Italy" [*The Nation*, Feb. 11]. "The Christian Democrats have insisted, above all to the Communists, that they did not solicit the [American] intervention." Methinks they protest too much. The Italian Communists have no alternative but to take Andreotti at face value if they wish to retain their programmatic Parliamentary relationship with him.

(Continued on page 276)

EDITORIALS

Slow Death of the B-1

Once born, does a new weapons system ever really die? Is it ever truly done with, finished, terminated and incapable of resurrection? We pose the question of arms immortality because the House of Representatives did seem to throw the first shovel of earth on the coffin of the B-1 bomber when it voted 234 to 182 on February 22 to take away $462 million that was destined to make two (repeat two) more prototypes of this next generation of manned bomber.

The reader may recall that both House and Senate voted *in principle* last year to kill a program that would have built 244 of the B-1s at a cost of about $100 million "per copy," as they say in Pentagonese. The B-1 seemed ready for burial then and loud mourning at its demise was heard from the patriots in both chambers. But mouth-to-mouth resuscitation efforts began in the lobbies and soon labored breathing was heard from the prostrate program.

The contractor, Rockwell International, had already put together four B-1 prototypes for a zillion dollars. What Congress actually voted against last year was money for four more prototypes, an action generally taken as the bomber's knell. But the year before that two copies beyond the original four had been voted their life-giving money; the Senate went along with the President when he said he did not choose to spend that money. It was those two half-appropriated bombers that had prolonged the B-1's death rattle; they were the ones which the Representatives endeavored to bring back to life.

That effort failed, as we know, but can it be said that the B-1's life-support systems are really turned off? Not really. Another $500 million will be spent on research and development for the B-1 and to "close out the program," as the saying goes. And there's $106 million in the new budget for "feasibility studies" of another so-called penetration bomber. The twitching goes on and on and the rigor mortis just won't set in.

The B-1 "died" because there were powerful military arguments against its usefulness. If these had not been truly overwhelming they would never have been able to overcome the purely political arguments for the plane which, as usual, centered on jobs in hundreds of Congressional districts. The main argument against the B-1, from the military standpoint, was its vulnerability to defensive missiles. House Speaker O'Neill put it neatly in the debate on the two B-1s when he recognized "an emotional (*sic*) attachment to the B-1 as a powerful symbol of technological and aircraft might, but we all know that the weapon of the future is the cruise missile." So down with mere emotion and onward and upward with thousands of more disposable, pilotless, missile-proof weapons.

We are not aware of any final, official determination at the highest level of the national government to proceed with the cruise missile program, though work on it is going ahead at a respectable pace, to say the least.

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The Russians have made known their feeling that full speed ahead on the cruise may mean full stop for a SALT agreement that might slow if not halt the next generation of strategic weapons. But the American cruise missile is struggling through the maze of official policy-making in its eagerness to be born. The birth of a weapons system is a process as mysterious and prolonged as its death.

Our Client in Nicaragua

The President [Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua] is a man of pleasing personality. He is unfailingly affable, ingratiating and persuasive; but is without stability of opinion as to anything foreign to his selfish aims. . . . He is a ready speaker in either Spanish or English. Culturally he is a cipher, but he is clever enough to conceal his deficiencies. He seems to know nothing of the science of government or of political history. It may be said that he sees in democracy only a device for the easy domination of his country, with abundant opportunities for plunder to the strains of the national anthem.

—Meredith Nicholson
U.S. Legation, Managua
April 11, 1939

It is a signal tragedy that, nearly forty years after our Ambassador to Nicaragua cabled these "strictly confidential" words to the State Department, the Nicaraguan people are still burdened with the rapacious Somoza family dictatorship. Unlike his father (described above) who was assassinated in 1956, the present Anastasio Somoza has apparently survived the latest attempt by a broad coalition of businessmen, workers and the Roman Catholic Church to strip the family of political power and confiscate its considerable property.

A widely supported national strike has been brutally repressed by the Guardia Nacional and Somoza has vowed to remain in office until his term expires in 1981. With the failure of the strike, the conflict has now shifted to the battlefiled. More than twenty people were killed in the last week of February alone, during a series of running clashes between the Guardia and anti-government protesters including the leftist Sandinist National Liberation Front.

The strike, the most serious challenge to date against the Somoza dynasty, was sparked by the assassination nearly two months ago of Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, the popular publisher of the opposition daily, *La Prensa*. Many sympathetic businessmen continued to pay full wages to their striking workers and the nation's economy fell into a state of almost complete suspension for nearly a month.

Lacking any demonstrable support, Somoza turned—as had his father—to the family's only real constituency, the 5,400-member Guardia Nacional. The Guardia is the chief instrument of repression in Nicaragua. Amnesty International—among many other observers—has documented the Guardia's responsibility for routine torture, arbitrary arrest and the disappearance of hundreds of poor peasants.

Somoza owes his survival to the Guardia—which is an

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exclusive creation of the American Government. U.S. taxpayers have contributed an average of $3.1 million a year to the Guardia and almost the entire force has been trained by the U.S. Army in the Panama Canal Zone.

Nor has President Carter's human rights rhetoric significantly changed the record. Last fall the administration wisely cut off economic aid to Nicaragua, but inexplicably requested another $3.1 million in military assistance for fiscal 1978. Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Terence Todman pried the appropriation out of a reluctant Congress with the promise that the money would not be spent until a significant improvement in human rights occurred in Nicaragua.

Yet even after Chamorro's assassination and the latest crisis, Todman strongly defended the Somoza dictatorship in a recent speech to a private dinner party and praised the regime for its "improvement" in the area of human rights.

That Todman would even consider further U.S. military support to the Somoza regime says something profoundly sad about the administration's understanding of human rights. The prospect of intensified political violence in Nicaragua is due only to the generous American allowance bestowed upon Somoza's Guardia. As Ambassador Nicholson wrote nearly four decades ago, "It may be said that while the Guardia remains loyal, the President is safe."

The Panama Embarrassment

Of all that is going on in the world bearing on the reputation of the United States nothing is more damaging than the debate on the ratification of the treaties with Panama that concern the (far distant) disposition of the famous Canal. Any "image" this country might have projected of strength and steadiness of purpose, of self-confidence and generosity toward small and dependent countries, is evaporating in the hot air being generated in the Senate chamber.

It is hard to tell at any given moment whether there are in fact the necessary sixty-seven votes to ratify these instruments. A dozen or so straddlers sway back and forth on their fences, blown this way and that by puffs of propaganda and pressure, weighing their mail (as against actually reading this largely generated stuff) and cocking their eyes at possible opponents in their next election as they try to imagine how the Panama issue will "play" with the voters in 1978, 1980 and 1982. So much for statesmanship in the upper branch of the world's greatest deliberative body.

It might appear from these observations that *The Nation* has weakened its view on the undesirability of the treaties as they now stand. That is not the case. We stick to the view that they are so timid and unimaginative in the way they grant Panama a qualified right of control of its territory and the Canal in the year 2000 that they are bound to create problems rather than solve them. And the problems will not be limited to our relations with Panama; they will spread through Latin America and other parts of the so-called Third World where the United States will continue to have strategic and economic interests.

To return to the spectacle the Senate has been putting on, it should be noted that the most absurd act of this long-running show has been presented behind closed doors. "Torrijos the Pusher" is such a spicy drama that the Senate in its majesty has decided that it should be rated "X," with even adults denied a glimpse of its alleged obscenity. But the walls of the Capitol are of a porosity that barely keeps out the rain, so it is generally known from all the inside-to-outside leaks that the Torrijos family has engaged in various kinds of dubious trafficking, quite likely including the hardest of drugs in quantities worth millions.

Should Dictator Omar have known that Ambassador Moisés, his brother, was engaged in the heroin trade—if indeed he was so engaged? Is there a chance that Omar himself has been a bit of a pusher? These are the solemn questions of statesmanship which the Senate has been addressing in camera. It would be hilarious if it were not so undignified. Here is the Senate of the United States trying to decide whether, in the year 2000, tiny Panama will live up to the terms of a treaty negotiated, twenty-two long years in the past, by a man of the character of a transient dictator named Torrijos.

If one thing is sure about this calculation it is that Omar Torrijos will not be around then, either to observe or violate the Canal pacts. He will have left this world from natural or unnatural causes or will be living in prosperous exile abroad on his share of the proceeds from the cost of doing business in Panama, which by tradition are extremely substantial for its rulers, even without drug smuggling.

Because the debate about the morality, or possible criminality, of Torrijos has been conducted behind the Senate's closed doors, the public is not in a position to know whether any Senator with a sense of history (and perhaps of black humor) has brought up as an analogy the wartime treaty Roosevelt and Churchill made with Josef Stalin. Now there was a real criminal! The Soviet leader was no "tinhorn" or "tin-pot" dictator of the sort contemptuously described by our Thurmonds and Reagans when they refer to Torrijos. He was the genuine article on a continental scale, with millions of murders on his impressive record.

Did that unparalleled record of brutality cause FDR or Winston Churchill even a moment of hesitation before they embraced Stalin as an ally against Hitler? No, they simply obeyed the old rule that the enemies of my enemies are my friends. For reasons of state they suppressed their aversions and eagerly hitched themselves to the anti-Nazi troika.

The opponents of the Panama deal with Torrijos favored the alliance with Stalin in 1941. They saw it as in the national interest, as it certainly was. No questions about law or morality could be allowed to get in the way of what they regarded as an arrangement in the national interest. Now, in a treaty on an incomparably lesser scale, they are bringing up legalisms and moralisms about the behavior of Torrijos because they want the United States to hang onto the ill-gotten Panama Canal. It is an illogical and quite shameful spectacle that the Senate is putting on.

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FRANCE'S TWO ELECTIONS

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

The French will choose a new National Assembly, and therewith a new government, on the second and third Sundays of March. Two campaigns are in progress. In one, a majority of the voters, who decided months ago to return a Left majority to replace the present one, are sticking with their intention. In the other, the polemics between the parties of the disunited Left are matched only by the invectives exchanged by the leaders of the threatened majority. The public is curiously unimpressed, even uninterested. The electoral protagonists agree that what is at issue is a "choice of society." They may not have convinced themselves but the French people apparently believe them. The polls agree that their preferences are remarkably stable.

The former Union of the Left can count on 50 percent of the vote; the Socialists have 27 percent, the Communists 21 percent, the Left Radicals 2 percent. The parties of the majority can claim a convincing minority. The Gaullists have 22 percent, and the miscellany that follows President Giscard have 20 percent. (That 42 percent is exactly the government's score in last year's municipal elections.) The small parties of the Left have 2 percent; the small parties of the Right, 3 percent. Thus the grand totals, Left and Right, are 52 and 45 percent. Another 3 percent will support other candidates, mainly ecologists, on the first round: presumably many of these votes will go to the Left on the second. It is true that some 15 percent of the voters declare no preference—the usual proportion of abstentions in France.

Because of gerrymandering, the united Left would need 52 or 53 percent of the vote to return a Parliamentary majority. However, prediction is difficult because of the election rules and the quarrels in each of the large blocs. Candidates who poll less than 12.5 percent are eliminated in the first round. Suppose the Socialists win 38 percent in a given electoral district, the Communists 22 percent and the Center Right 40 percent. If the Communist candidate contests the second round and the governmental parties agree to support one candidate, they can win with their 40 percent. The same arithmetic works the other way, of course, but it is the Communists who have refused to withdraw in favor of better placed Socialists or Radical Left candidates, whereas the governmental parties have agreed to back the strongest candidate in their camp. The Communists, then, hold the key to the elections, and French political discussion is dominated by speculation as to their intentions and options. Their position of strength is uncomfortable, even tormented. The reasons for that are what make the current situation so engrossing.

President Giscard has insisted that, whoever wins, he will not lose. If the Left wins, he has declared, he will remain in office and allow it to apply its program of nationalization and redistribution of income and wealth. His magnanimity is impressive—for those who do not know that he has little constitutional alternative, except to resign. His declaration undermined a favored argument of his own associates, that a victory of the Left would bring institutional crisis and chaos. Giscard believes that sooner or later he can detach the Socialists from the Communists and form a Center-Left majority. (Most American bureaucrats and academic experts—distinguishable with extreme difficulty—cannot believe the French would choose an alternate model of society. They have convinced one another that Giscard is correct.) The failure of his own program of reform, however, has been a major factor in the advance of the Socialists.

A Center-Left majority would keep the Communists out of government, and evict the Gaullists from it. That is the Gaullists' nightmare—relieved slightly by early morning dreams of a triumphant return to power. The Gaullist leader, Jacques Chirac, has accused Giscard of softness toward the Socialists, and the Socialists of softness toward the Communists. He has been rather more respectful of the Communists, who have returned the compliment. The Gaullists, playing upon the fears of the lower-middle class, no longer enjoy their former national appeal. Having lost both the Presidency and the Prime Ministership, they cannot decide whether to try opposition for a while or to cling to the patronage and power they retain. They might not recover from a defeat in March—which accounts for the note of desperation in their campaign.

The Socialists, too, fear the consequences of defeat. Their party is an uncertain alliance of industrial and white-collar workers, managers, technocrats and intellectuals. Its doctrine is a contradictory mixture of ideas of participatory democracy with technocratic reformism. No one can say how well the party will hold together if it has to remain in opposition. Mitterrand refused to negotiate with the Communists after their rupture of discussions last September. He still refuses. He thinks that they will return to the Union of the Left if the Socialists do well on the first round. If the Communists do not, he reasons, the Socialists will consolidate their gains amongst reformist voters of the middle class and make further inroads upon Communist working-class voters. The Socialists, then, have a long-term view—and a certain amount of anxiety.

The Communist leadership is disoriented and in disagreement. Its choices are unenviable. If its candidates desist on the second round, it will return some eighty members. The Socialists and Left Radicals, however, will then return more than twice as many. A victory of the Left would threaten the Communist claim to be the party of a majority of the working class. That is why Georges Marchais has said that the party had to have more than 21 percent of the vote if it was to rejoin the Union of the Left. If the party maintains its candidates, it will indeed bear responsibility for the defeat of the Left even if it returns some sixty-five members. Moreover, a third of its voters may desert. Trade-union elections, with losses for the Communist-led GGT and gains for the CFDT, which favors the Union of the Left, suggest that the party cannot retain its hold on the working class simply by denouncing the Socialists.

Norman Birnbaum, professor of sociology at Amherst College, was in Bonn, Paris and Rome in January.

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My own view is that the Communists will in the end withdraw their candidates and that a Left Parliamentary majority will be returned. It does not follow that the Communists will enter government. They may obtain neither the Cabinet posts nor the programmatic commitments they seek. In that case, they will allow the Socialists to form a minority government and hope that it drifts to the Right—leaving the Communists the only major party of the Left. The Socialists do not intend to fall, or be pushed, into Giscard's arms. They will initiate a program of income redistribution and social investment, and seek a larger mandate within a year or eighteen months. In other words, the conflicts which now divide the Union of the Left will continue into a period of Left government. For the moment, however, a majority of the French are ready to try major changes.

THE SYNGMAN RHEE FILE

PANIC OVER A WICKED OLD MAN

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN

I don't go along with the bilateral pact, because it gives Rhee the whip hand. I would rather pick him up, preferably with ROK troops, and hold him in protective custody. —Gen. J. Lawton Collins, Army Chief of Staff; May 29, 1953

President Carter's plans to withdraw American ground troops from the Republic of Korea (ROK)—and the scandals of "Koreagate"—have reawakened American interest in our alliance with South Korea and our military commitments there. Unfortunately, the recent debate on these commitments have avoided any analysis of the origins of the mutual security pact and of the postwar stationing of troops in the ROK—decisions made by the Eisenhower administration in 1953 and renewed the next year. Recently declassified materials disclose new information about these policies and the American Government's struggles to restrain its obstreperous Korean ally.

Those Eisenhower decisions emerged from the Korean War (1950-53) and from America's uneasy dealings with Syngman Rhee, South Korea's shrewd, petulant dictator. Though long shored up by American money and power, Rhee proved a very troubling, often unreliable ally. When the United States began negotiating an armistice in 1951, he tried to block it. It would leave Korea divided, whereas Rhee insisted upon unification under his control. He wanted America and its United Nations allies to continue the war, conquer the Communist North, vanquish the Chinese "volunteers" and reunite Korea.

In 1952, he repeatedly threatened to withdraw his troops from the American-controlled U.N. Command if the administration persisted in armistice negotiations. Since ROK forces manned about two-thirds of the front lines, their withdrawal would have imperiled the 275,000 American troops and might have provoked enemy attacks. Looking back on these threats, Gen. Mark Clark, the American and U.N. commander, wrote, "I found myself engaged in a two-front . . . battle [and] the biggest trouble came from Rhee."

That summer, after Rhee had imprisoned about forty Korean legislators and declared martial law, American leaders feared that his actions would "create internal confusion, dissension and weakness" in South Korea, thus impairing resistance to the Communist enemy and endangering American forces on the peninsula. The Joint Chiefs of Staff endorsed a top-secret plan ("Ever Ready") to overthrow Rhee and to "take over and establish some form of interim government," if conditions worsened. There was no enthusiasm in Washington for such drastic steps, however, since an American-directed coup would have created problems in America, among its allies, elsewhere in Asia and even in Korea, where no other strong anti-Communist leader seemed available to replace Rhee. Fortunately for the administration, the immediate crisis subsided, but plan "Ever Ready" always remained available for future crises, and was often dusted off and revised in Eisenhower's first year.

In the spring of 1953, when an armistice seemed near, Rhee again tried to upset negotiations, threatening once more to remove his troops from the U.N. Command. Repeatedly, he declared that he would continue the war alone, since a divided Korea meant "national suicide." His strident, anxious words, General Clark thought, were designed largely to wring from the Eisenhower administration a mutual security pact. Mere American promises of armed support in case of a future Communist attack would not assuage Rhee. Nor would the promise of stationing American troops nearby, or even briefly in Korea, unless he had a formal treaty. Even though the Eisenhower administration was reversing the assumptions of the Truman administration and promising to protect Korea in the postwar period, that offer was insufficient for Rhee.

In late May 1953, in an attempt to avoid a security pact but bring Rhee into line, Eisenhower tried to get him to settle for a loose American commitment. The President's top-secret message, in addition to offering more economic aid and military equipment, assured the Korean dictator that South Korea would be within the general orbit of American protection: "We would take a strong stand against any developments from any quarter that affected the political stability, economic progress, and military security of free countries in [the western Pacific], including Korea. We intend to maintain armed forces in the area [Okinawa], where they would be a

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Barton Bernstein, professor of history at Stanford University, has written, among other works, Politics and Policies of the Truman Administration. *This article also appears in the March issue of* The Foreign Service Journal.

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strong deterrent to renewed aggression. U.N. forces [including Americans] would remain in Korea as long as circumstances permitted." But Rhee was not mollified.

Materials now declassified disclose that American officials were torn in the late spring between overthrowing Rhee (Plan "Ever Ready"), giving him a defense pact, and seeking an American pullout either before or after the armistice. At a State Department-Joint Chiefs of Staff meeting on May 29 at the Pentagon, American leaders discussed the tangled problems of dealing with Rhee. They faced unpleasant alternatives. Here is a portion of the recently declassified transcript:

Walter Robertson [*Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs*]: If it is not militarily possible to effect [a pullout], there is no use in considering it from a political point of view.

Gen. J. Lawton Collins [*Army Chief of Staff*]: We could pull back to a defensive perimeter against the Chinese Commies. I don't think the ROK would fight us. . . . I would take Rhee under protective custody rather than submit to his blackmail.

Mr. Robertson: I would be inclined to give Rhee the alternative of his going it alone.

H. Freeman Matthews [*Deputy Under Secretary of State*]: But that would merely be a bluff. We couldn't let him go it alone.

General Collins: I would take him into custody on the basis of it being necessary for the security of the troops.

Mr. Robertson: But what would you do then?

General Collins: I would stay in and fight the war.

Mr. Robertson: It would seem to me it might better be done for the purpose of getting out.

• • •

Admiral Donald Duncan [*Deputy Chief of Naval Operations*]: If Rhee is not brought into line in the eyes of the world, it would be a disastrous military defeat for the U.N. forces. I think it would be worth it to give him a security pact in order to keep him in line.

• • •

General Collins: I don't go along with a bilateral pact, because it gives Rhee the whip hand. I would rather pick him up, preferably with ROK troops, and hold him in protective custody.

Neither the representatives from State nor those from the JCS could agree even among themselves; hence the mixed group decided to prepare a memorandum for Eisenhower, outlining the three options and enclosing a draft message authorizing use of Plan "Ever Ready" in the "event of an emergency."

During the day, while a Presidential decison was pending, the JCS directed General Clark, according to other now-declassified material, "to take preliminary measures to meet any threatened emergency resulting from difficulties with the ROK Government; in event of a grave emergency . . . to take such action as deemed necessary to insure the integrity of [his] forces."

Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles vetoed plans for an American coup, and Dulles advised Eisenhower to offer a security pact instead. They hoped it would reconcile Rhee to the armistice, guarantee that he would keep his troops within the U.N. Command, and avoid the international embarrassment of the United States overthrowing its ally. Since the Korean War was portrayed widely, both in America and abroad, as a struggle for freedom and democracy, how could American leaders justify a coup? Even a coup staged by surrogate forces could involve similar risks. And who would replace Rhee?

Rhee had blackmailed the Americans into offering the bilateral security pact that they had been resisting for weeks. Just a few days earlier, the administration had again opposed the pact, apparently fearing it might embolden Rhee to launch an attack against the North and thus drag America into a wider war. American officials never trusted the man. They admired his anti-communism and patriotism, but suspected he might act recklessly, counting on American troops to save him.

America's promise of a mutual defense pact and aid was contingent upon Rhee's good behavior—his acceptance of the armistice. But, perhaps partly encouraged by his success in blackmailing the administration, he refused to accede: he still hoped to block the armistice and gain American troops in a war to unify Korea. For Rhee, patriotism, anti-communism and ambition comfortably coalesced.

On June 18, 1953, he released about 25,000 anti-Communist POWs in an effort, partly, to undermine the armistice negotiations. Once more, the administration considered deposing him, and Eisenhower sharply warned him that his behavior could make it "necessary [for the United States] to effect another arrangement." Still gambling, Rhee challenged the administration, declaring that he was prepared to have American troops pull out of Korea. He would "go it alone," he proclaimed.

The next day, at his Cabinet meeting, Eisenhower complained that Rhee "now . . . says he's willing to see us walk out. We must not walk out," the President asserted, for with armistice negotiations pending, "[it] would be a surrender to the Chinese [Communists], handing them on a silver platter everything for which they had been fighting for three years."

Once more, the overthrow of Rhee came up. Eisenhower "told the Cabinet again," according to an associate, "as he told them often during the truce negotiations, that he wished the South Koreans would overthrow Rhee and replace him with a more moderate and reasonable leader." Another adviser reported that Gen. Douglas MacArthur, the former American commander in the Pacific, had predicted that Rhee would be assassinated in a few weeks by South Koreans. Cabinet members apparently found this prospect attractive, but they could not base policy on a hope. So, instead, the administration coaxed and cajoled the reluctant dictator into accepting the armistice agreement and keeping his forces under the U.N. Command. In return, the United States gave him 10,000 tons of food for Korean relief, promised soon to provide the first $200 million (of a pledged $1 billion) for economic rehabilitation and military equipment, and in August 1953 negotiated the mutual defense pact.

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The newly available minutes of the August treaty discussions between Rhee and Dulles reveal that the Korean ruler was concerned not only about Communist aggression; he also wanted the defense pact as a guarantee against renewed encroachments by Japan, the former colonial ruler of Korea. "The American people know little about the masked face of Japan," Rhee lectured Dulles. He protested "that it was not wise to build up Japan militarily and economically, and that Japan should be forced to abandon the idea of reoccupying Korea." Dulles promised Rhee that Japan would not be a military threat to South Korea, and explained that a strong Japan was the linchpin of America's anti-Communist policy in Asia and therefore essential to the ROK's survival.

Even after these August negotiations, Rhee continued to threaten to disrupt the armistice, which had gone into effect on July 27. If the forthcoming Geneva International Conference did not unify Korea, and few believed it could, Rhee declared that he would march north to unite the nation. He explained that he hoped the United States would support his attack, despite numerous denials of any such intention from Dulles and Eisenhower, and he boasted that he did "not care what the U.N. did."

With eight American divisions in Korea and Chinese "volunteers" still in the North, Rhee's threats continued to plague American leaders. Upon orders from Washington in October 1953, the new U.N. and American commander, Gen. John Hull, revised Plan "Ever Ready." The National Security Council directed him to include provisions for "all possible measures . . ., both overt and covert, to gain the earliest possible knowledge [of Rhee's decision], and to be ready for the seizure and detention of key ROK military and civil personages involved." The scheme seemed to call for taking Rhee into custody and forcing him to back down, while the United States would also promote anti-Rhee propaganda, presumably in case a coup was necessary.

General Hull warned Washington that it should not "rule out Rhee's unilateral military action solely because of our conviction that it will be disastrous [for there are] other factors which may more strongly influence [him and he undoubtedly believes that America] cannot disassociate itself from ROK." Hull concluded: "ROK has capability of unilateral action."

"Rhee [is] a problem of considerable difficulty," Dulles told British and French leaders in December 1953, according to a declassified summary. Admitting that his assessment of this problem "was probably the understatement of the year," Dulles said, no "nation had ever exerted itself as fully with such a great combination of generosity on the one hand and threats on the other, as he had done to keep Rhee in line. . . . We had acted effectively in many ways to create a situation where it was highly unlikely that he would [resume] the war." Unwilling to offer his European allies any stronger assurances about the South Korean's probable behavior, Dulles acknowledged that he "made this prediction with some hesitation as President Rhee [is] rather unpredictable."

The Secretary informed the British and French that the United States planned to withdraw more troops as new ROK divisions became battle ready. A partial withdrawal "would serve as a warning to Rhee," Dulles explained, "that he could not commit us on land and it would be notice to everyone that if the war were resumed, we would probably resume it with more sea and air power and less land forces in Korea."

American legislators, too, feared that Rhee might suck the United States into another war. Defending the mutual security pact before the Senate in January 1954, Dulles explained that America had "no obligation under the treaty to maintain any armed forces in Korea. If it seems wise to us, we could, consistently with the treaty, wholly withdraw forces in Korea."

Dulles and Eisenhower always realized that Rhee was a dangerous ally and that the security pact, especially when linked to an American military presence in Korea, could confront the United States with a difficult choice if Rhee unleashed a war: America could either abandon him, as it had warned him, and lose prestige; or join the war, and risk power as well as prestige.

It was a dilemma from which Eisenhower and Dulles believed they could not easily escape. While Plan "Ever Ready" lingered as a solution to their fears of Rhee, they concluded that a coup would weaken Korea in the anti-Communist alliance and might also alarm other Asian allies. At a time when Eisenhower and Dulles were trying to "save" Indochina, they would not risk removing a strong, anti-Communist dictator in Korea. The anti-Communist world, Dulles declared, needed more patriots like Rhee.

He had told his British and French allies, "no [complaints] should be allowed to obscure the fact that [Rhee is] a great patriot and leader of anti-Communist forces, that he had sustained the spirit and morale of his people under most difficult conditions and for this the whole free world owes him a debt of gratitude." To stress this theme, Dulles told Georges Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, "an amusing story in this connection concerning Indochina." Dulles had asked "a Frenchman from Indochina what was needed to win the war there, and the answer had been 'Syngman Rhee.'" According to the declassified minutes, "Bidault broke in to say, 'It's a deal.'"

Some in the State Department were more uneasy about Rhee. They wanted "to check him [and] be prepared to actually withdraw if Rhee remains unshakened in his determination." The Department of Defense and JCS would not endorse such counsel. They were willing to withdraw troops in about a year, but *only* if the People's Republic of China also removed its "volunteers." Unilateral American withdrawal, according to the JCS, would be "a political setback." If China did not remove its troops, the JCS proposed cutting the American commitment to about two divisions and then deferring further reductions. The JCS seemed to assume almost total withdrawal in a few years. They did not foresee a nearly twenty-five-year U.S. troop commitment.

Recently declassified records reveal that some advisers saw continued advantages to keeping some U.S. troops in Korea—regardless of what the Chinese did. Our

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Syngman Rhee

soldiers would underscore the American commitment to Korea and might deter renewed aggression from the North. They would also put more pressure on North Korea and China, provide an additional military reserve in the event of an upheaval in Japan, and might also stop Rhee from launching himself on the enemy. The maintenance of the U.N. Command, with an American general technically controlling ROK forces, might thwart the adventurism of Rhee and reduce the likelihood of war. The U.N. Command could (and did) even restrict gasoline supplies, to prevent an ROK attack on the North.

At the Geneva Conference in the spring of 1954, American efforts to unite Korea under Rhee ran into the predictable opposition of North Korea, China and Russia. Neither side could agree on the withdrawal of non-Korean troops, largely because Dulles insisted that China must pull out before the elections, while the Americans would leave later. Simultaneous withdrawal, he argued, would be inequitable, since "the United Nations forces would have a long way to go [but the] Chinese would have only a few miles to go—and they could quickly return." With the French collapse in Indochina that spring, Dulles had found additional value in keeping American troops in Korea: they would divert China's energies from advancing its own economic development and aiding insurgent forces in Vietnam, and would nurture its anxieties of American military power. That was part of the larger Dulles-Eisenhower strategy of "containing" China—a policy inherited from the Truman administration.

Dulles had not expected the conference to unify Korea, as he had admitted to the Cabinet a few months earlier, but he did think he could create military and economic pressures that might *ultimately* produce a union. The presence of U.S. troops might compel the enemy to offer unification in return for their withdrawal. Economic aid to the South, he suggested, might make it strong enough to wring concessions from the North. Unfortunately for Rhee's hopes, the Dulles strategy was not designed to produce immediate results. Eager to kindle the embers of war, Rhee journeyed to the United States in July to urge that the Eisenhower administration unite Korea by force. Pleading his case before a joint session of Congress on July 26, 1954, Rhee condemned the "unwise armistice," warned that Russia was lulling the United States into a "sleep of death," and called for war against China and possibly Russia. His strategy of preventive war shocked many Congressmen, who feared a nuclear holocaust.

Rhee's intemperate demands provoked a rebuke from Eisenhower, who rejected this "holy war of liberation." To trim the military budget and probably to warn Rhee, the administration promptly announced it would withdraw four of its six divisions from Korea by mid-1955. In response, the People's Republic of China speedily promised to withdraw seven divisions within the next few months.

On November 17, 1954, the ROK and the United States reaffirmed their earlier agreement: ROK forces would remain "under the operational control of the United Nations Command while that Command has responsibility for the defense of Korea. . . ." Despite China's withdrawal in 1958 of its last troops, that 1954 military agreement, so much a product of the wartime disputes, still remains in effect, along with the mutual defense treaty.

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Shored up by American money, troops and prestige, Syngman Rhee remained in power for almost six more years, rigging elections, persecuting domestic critics, and embarrassing American leaders. He was a troubling symbol for the Eisenhower administration, which publicly celebrated Korea as part of the "free world." In 1960, in preparation for the March elections, Rhee's government sent out "specific instructions to police chiefs throughout the nation specifying the exact plurality by which Dr. Rhee [and his Vice Presidential running mate] were to be elected." His highhanded tactics in this election, and the police shootings of eight opposition party members, provoked a student uprising in Seoul. Branding this disruption "the work of Communist agents," Rhee ordered the police to fire on a huge mass of 100,000 demonstrators and declared martial law.

On April 19, Secretary of State Christian Herter, who had replaced Dulles, Rhee's uneasy admirer, informed the Korean Ambassador in Washington, according to a press release, "that the demonstrations in Korea are a reflection of public dissatisfaction over the conduct of the recent elections and repressive measures unsuited to a free democracy." This sharp public rebuke, summarized in broadcasts to Korea by the *Voice of America* and the armed forces network, endorsed the demonstrations and thus emboldened the students, who were soon joined by other citizens.

Had the Eisenhower administration finally tired of Rhee and was it signaling support for his deposal? Or

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did it think that the demonstrations, backed by this rebuke, would compel the senescent dictator to modify his ways? Because the American documents for this period remain classified, definitive judgment on the Eisenhower-Herter initial intentions is impossible, but there is considerable evidence that American officials refused to help Rhee in that time of perilous trouble and that ultimately they sought to end the crisis by directing him to resign.

Some observers claimed that American officials "played a quiet but significant role [during the early days] in furthering the cause of [the] demonstrators." There were many reports that Embassy officials, acting on directions from Washington, urged Rhee to resign when the violence increased. The United Nations Command, under an American general, did allow the Korean Army the use of tanks—but no live ammunition. And the Korean Army Commander, who may have been wary of offending the Americans, was unwilling to attack the demonstrators. Without the army to suppress opposition, Rhee could not long remain in power.

A week after Herter's public statement, on April 26, 1960, President Rhee, then 85, yielded to the mounting pressures and agreed to resign "if the people [so] desire." A few hours later, the National Assembly, though his party still had a two-thirds majority, demanded his resignation. The same day, accepting the toppling of the regime, the American Ambassador ritualistically praised the deposed President "as the George Washington of Korea." A month later, Rhee fled to Hawaii, where he spent his last five years living in considerable luxury. □

WATCHING FOR COMINFIL

Even the Quakers Scared the FBI

ANN MORRISSETT DAVIDON

As, drawer by drawer, the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are pried open by the Freedom of Information Act, the truly formidable capacity of the agency to sense subversion in the seemingly most honorable segments of American society is gradually unfolding. Paranoia on this scale has a certain grandeur; and if it were not that a number of good people were hurt and that we all paid for it in our taxes, J. Edgar Hoover's crusade of panic against treason might well be the jest of the century. Attend now to the proposition that the Quakers required vigilant surveillance. —The Editors

The American Friends Service Committee (AFSC), a Quaker service organization which was formed during World War I to do relief and rehabilitation work in war-torn countries and in 1947 received the Nobel Peace Prize, has been operating under the unblinking eye of the FBI for the past fifty-six years. Many thousands of pages of its FBI files, now emerging through the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA), are headed "Internal Security" (often with subheadings "Subversive," "Racial Matters," etc.)—and Cominfil, the FBI code word for Communist infiltration. This does not mean that AFSC has at any time been Communist-infiltrated; only that it has been *watched* for Cominfil.

The CIA and its predecessor the OSS, the State Department, IRS, Secret Service, Army, Navy, Air Force and the National Security Agency have also been keeping an eye on the Quakers for many years. And—as has become clear in these recent years of disclosures—the subject of this prolonged scrutiny is only one of hundreds of such groups, and some hundreds of thousands of individuals, spied on because of their dissenting views and/or their contacts with Communist or Socialist groups or countries. Like satellite pieces in Canada, the grim evidence of nefarious government surveillance keeps turning up.

Of course Americans are not spied upon without "cause," just as people in the Soviet Union are presumably not put under surveillance or into mental institutions for no reason. Every state apparatus or governing regime has a tendency to regard expressions of difference, or friendliness with the people or policies of competing powers, as "subversive." Advocating relations with China, for example, was sufficient to start your FBI and CIA dossiers in the 1950s or 1960s—a file which would still exist after an approach to China became official U.S. policy.

People with files are, after all, suspected of *something*. Since the early 1920s, AFSC has engaged not only in providing relief for the Russians during their post-World War I famine but also in such suspicious things as helping refugees during the Spanish Civil War. It is noted in a House Un-American Activities Committee report, and repeated in several FBI and other files thereafter, that AFSC's work with Spanish refugees in 1939 included aid to some Communists due to the committee's "failure to apply any political tests to needy persons who asked assistance."

In World War II, AFSC aided European refugees, conscientious objectors and interned Japanese-Americans. During the wars in Korea and Vietnam, the Quakers became more actively involved in anti-draft and anti-war activities, while continuing to provide medical aid to all sides in the conflicts. Throughout these decades, AFSC increasingly engaged in social action and social justice programs that attempted to expose and root out, rather than gloss over, the bases of conflicts. But anyone trying to get at roots is by definition "radical"—so all these activities were extensively reported in decades of governmental files.

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In the 1950s it did not take much to make a group suspect. The Inspector General at Lowry Air Force Base, for example, reported his concern about a series of seminars in 1953 at the Washington, D.C. Lenten School of Christian Living, where "extremely controversial subjects" were discussed. One of these was "Segregation in Washington," at which an AFSC staff member expressed anti-racist views that shocked the Air Force officer. He suggested that AFSC be further investigated, especially as any group with the word "committee" in it was "likely to be a Communist Front."

In Oak Park, Ill., in the mid-1960s the Chicago AFSC joined with an interracial neighborhood group to present demands at real estate firms. This was watched closely (under "Internal Security/Racial Matters") by the FBI. Even when the little group failed to appear at one firm's office because it had decided to await a response, the FBI reported this nonevent to Washington and to the District Attorney General, Secret Service and the 113th Army Intelligence Unit.

Thus AFSC has had the effrontery to include in its work not only mopping-up programs after conflicts and disasters but efforts to prevent them. Through peace education, international seminars and work camps, community relations programs, etc., AFSC has increasingly stuck out its neck beyond simple relief work to probe basic causes. That's why, during the period of Vietnam, AFSC continued to try to root out racism, to expose poverty areas—and to initiate projects focused on such newly identified problems as sexism and the military-industrial complex.

These, too, became FBI targets. Started in the 1960s, AFSC's "National Action/Research on the Military-Industrial Complex" (NARMIC) dared to dig into the statistics of corporations with military contracts, describing the kind and extent of their "contributions" to the war effort—and their *profits*. NARMIC was largely responsible for bringing to public attention, through booklets, pamphlets and slide shows, the nature of the automated air war and the electronic battlefield instigated by the U.S. military in Vietnam—and also how this sophisticated, devastating and expensive form of warfare was sometimes thwarted by the simple and ingenious methods of Vietnamese guerrillas.

Meanwhile, actions against the war itself were undertaken by AFSC; they ranged from silent vigils at local libraries and post offices to massive ones at the White House. All these were regularly and voluminously reported on by the FBI, Secret Service and other intelligence agencies. Any Communists or members of other "designated" groups who may have been present at any vigil throughout the country were noted by the FBI.

As the war escalated, so did activities of the entire range of anti-war groups. AFSC itself finally supported civil disobedience in the form of sending "illegal" medical aid to North Vietnam (its programs in South Vietnam of course continuing), and organizing nonviolent training to blockade bombs destined for Vietnam. The Navy, in a lengthy report on the "Peace Navy," held AFSC largely responsible for the fleets of canoes that confronted the huge war transport vessels at various ports on the East and West Coasts. When seven sailors jumped from the ship *Nitro* during the April 1972 People's Blockade, the Navy report noted "the incident was of priceless publicity value to blockade organizers. . . . Usually any support by ship's companies is limited to peace signs and shouts of encouragement, or cheers for the 'Keystone Cops' type chases taking place in the water below them." This report was sent to thirty-two military and government agencies. (Meanwhile, in Vietnam, the U.S. Ambassador received a cable from Secretary of State Kissinger suggesting that if the government of South Vietnam wanted to get rid of the Quaker-run prosthenics clinic at Quang-Ngai, it might be done in the name of "Vietnamization.")

Of course you don't get away with such subversive shenanigans without Big Brother watching you. What in the case of the Quakers Big Brother did other than watch is not yet clear because so many documents have been withheld from AFSC by the FBI, CIA and other agencies. And of the nearly 10,000 sent (a large portion at a cost of 10¢ per page), many pages are duplicates or are blacked out or blank except for AFSC's name and address. Many hundreds of pages are copies of AFSC's (and sometimes other organizations') publications, reports and public letters. Gradually, thousands of FBI files on AFSC have been received, but as usual whole paragraphs or pages are deleted, while hundreds of undeleted pages are copies of court proceedings in AFSC's 1971 suit against J. Edgar Hoover, Attorney General Mitchell, et al. Names appearing on AFSC letterheads, leaflets, etc. were checked off by the FBI, apparently for cross-checking or further investigation. (One of these was George Fox, founding Quaker, who died in 1691.)

Appended to numerous reports are repeated descriptions of organizations such as Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), Progressive Labor Party (PLP), Socialist Workers Party (SWP), and many others with whom AFSC has no functional relationship or affiliation. The participation in various vigils or coalitions with any of these groups or even individual members was sufficient to land them in the FBI's files on AFSC. Information of more interest and relevance to AFSC that was collected and stored by FBI or other agencies has been denied, with the National Security Agency refusing to give any documents at all to AFSC, under the Freedom of Information Act—on the ground of (what else?) "national security." CIA files reveal that official correspondence between AFSC personnel and foreign countries, especially the Soviet Union, was opened, but there is no clear indication that AFSC was directly subject to the CIA's "Operation Chaos," nor to the FBI's Cointelpro, the counterintelligence program intensified in 1968.

But the disruptive actions of the FBI and CIA against other groups have become increasingly revealed, and this exposure itself is partly due to the efforts of AFSC, whose policy is to act on behalf of others rather than wait until the noose is pulled on us all. (As Pastor Martin Niemöller, imprisoned by the Nazis, remarked: when they came for the Communists he did nothing, because he was not

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a Communist; when they came for the Jews, he did nothing, because he was not a Jew; when they came for him—it was too late.) In 1975 AFSC started its program of Government Surveillance and Citizens' Rights, and subsequently helped launch the coalition Campaign to Stop Government Spying. Now the campaign itself (and no doubt the AFSC's new program) is subject to government surveillance. (Who will spy on the spies who spy on the spies? And where will they all keep their files?)

Venomous attacks have been made on the campaign and its constituents by Rep. Larry McDonald [D., Ga.], a John Birch Society official. McDonald's research assistant is none other than private spy Sheila O'Conner/aka Louise Rees, who for two years had infiltrated the leftish National Lawyers Guild. With her husband John Rees she puts out the right-wing sheet called *Information Digest* which reports to subscribing police departments and government officials on all the activities of social change groups ranging from NAACP, AFSC and the National Council of Churches to leftist and black political groups.

Despite its constant search for Cominfil in the AFSC throughout nearly six decades of surveillance, FBI historians kept noting at the bottom of each new report that it is a "sincere pacifist group" of Quaker origin which has shown no evidence of Communist infiltration or domination, though its policies have "sometimes paralleled those of the Communist Party." During the war in Vietnam, it apparently began to dawn on Hoover that Cominfil might never happen to AFSC, and that meanwhile new groups were burgeoning. In fact, FBI infiltration into CPUSA (as FBI files denote the Communist Party) had been so thorough that there was hardly any Com left to infil.

So a new heading was added: New Left. Into this catchall fell groups of the late 1960s like SDS, Vietnam Veterans Against the War—and often AFSC, though one of the files from the Media FBI office stated AFSC was not to be "within the investigative purview of the 'New Left.'" Throughout 1968 to 1971 came expansion of Cointelpro, the aggressive counterintelligence program against a number of "New Left" and racial groups which went beyond the usual FBI spying and infiltration.

According to files obtained so far, AFSC and other peace groups were not in the direct "purview" of Cointelpro (as was the Socialist Workers Party, for example, whose court action against the FBI uncovered numerous break-ins and burglaries of their offices in various cities over many years). Yet some strange things happened to the peace groups during that period and later. The Jane Addams House on Walnut Street in Philadelphia, a fine old building owned by the Jane Addams Association and headquarters for the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and several other anti-war groups, was burned out in early 1970. Documents were found to have been removed from file cabinets of some of the resident groups and arson was obvious, yet police found no suspects. In New York, in 1969, the War Resisters League office was heavily damaged, with files stolen: again police found no suspects. Women Strike for Peace and other offices throughout the country were burglarized, vandalized and burned. Again no suspects.

As to the Quakers, in the mid-1960s AFSC Philadelphia began missing files maintained on its contacts with Black Panthers and with Martin Luther King Jr. In 1973 the Washington, D.C. Peace Center, Quaker House, the Friends Meeting House and the home of a Peace Center worker were all broken into, with files stolen but valuables left untouched. The Miami, Fla. office of AFSC was firebombed. In 1974, the Cambridge office of AFSC reported three break-ins, with some files removed. As late as November 1975, shots were fired into AFSC's Des Moines, Iowa office and in December it was bombed.

In the late 1960s, the CIA made secret training equipment loans to police departments across the country. CIA assistance included safecracking and other "clandestine collection methodology." In Chicago, collaboration of police with the right-wing Legion of Justice, and with Army Intelligence resulted in—among other things—the electronic "bugging" of the Chicago American Friends Service Committee office during the time of the conspiracy trial of the "Chicago 8." In San Diego, where the CIA also channeled extensive assistance to police, the FBI's Cointelpro placed an informer-provocateur with a right-wing group called the Secret Army Organization (SAO, derived from the defunct Minutemen). This group engaged in armed attacks on anti-war activists as late as 1972. According to one ex-member of SAO, the FBI agent was "the man to see to get explosives, illegal arms. The FBI used us to do things it couldn't do."

In 1971, AFSC became involved in a confrontation with the bureau and a subsequent lawsuit against it, when dozens of zealous agents swarmed over the liberal West Philadelphia area, Powelton Village. Investigating suspects in the burglary of the Media, Pa. FBI office, more than a dozen FBI agents broke through the door of an AFSC employee who had taken to a printer some copies of the Media FBI files which AFSC had anonymously received in the mail (these were to be incorporated into an AFSC booklet on police on which she was working at home). Together with members of the Philadelphia Resistance (a resourceful anti-draft group which FBI considered a prime suspect in Medburg), AFSC went this time to court, charging harassment, intimidation, etc. Five years later, with Atty. Gen. John Mitchell deposed and FBI Director Hoover dead, the case was quietly settled by awarding the defendants costs but not damages, and promises of discontinuing such overt tactics in FBI's further pursuit of the still elusive Media file burglars—or liberators, as some regarded them. (It was in these Media files that the FBI agent's advice to make the New Left "think there was an agent behind every mailbox" was revealed, as well as the extent of FBI preccupation with political and dissident groups—especially through the Cointelpro program.)

AFSC, though inclined to use mediating and conciliatory methods rather than resort to courts, has joined four major lawsuits with other plaintiffs: against CIA/NSA for interception of overseas communication; against the city of Chicago and its police, Mayor, and local and federal officials for bugging AFSC premises and planting informers, and against the Seattle Police Department to

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gain disclosure of intelligence files. The fourth case, a class action suit against the Honeywell Corporation and the FBI in which AFSC has recently become a co-plaintiff, is the only Cointelpro suit in the country linking a corporation and a federal intelligence agency.

The Government Surveillance and Citizen's Rights program, which began two years ago with a staff of one, when responses to AFSC's requests for FOIA files were beginning to trickle in, now has AFSC staff in nine cities involved in some aspect of its expanded concern about police abuse, "Red Squads," and other forms of official harassment or repression. It is a long way from feeding orphans and refugees, but AFSC workers came to believe that human life and dignity are threatened not only by wars and starvation but also by such things as political, racial and religious persecution. And the Quakers have a long history of contending with *that*. In front of its Philadelphia headquarters at the Friends Center (the block-long complex of red-brick buildings which also houses a Friends Meeting and local Friends' groups) is a serene statue of a seated, simply dressed woman named Mary Dyer—hanged on Boston Common in 1660 for refusing to give up her Quaker witness. The Quakers are determined not to let things get that bad again. □

'CLOUD ON THE TITLE'

A BLIGHT HITS BLACK FARMERS

C. SCOTT GRABER

In 1865 John Boles, a freedman, bought 10 acres of land in Beaufort County, South Carolina. A part of America's promise is the opportunity to own land; to buy it and build on it, and enjoy the security that land bestows. But for some people this promise brings with it problems —legal problems that often make ownership meaningless. One-third of the land held by blacks in the rural South cannot be bought, sold, or traded away. The same land cannot be used as collateral for housing or for agriculture. Commonly called Heirs Property, it is almost without market value. Tens of thousands of black farm families are affected, but the best way to understand what has happened is to look at the Boles family's long relationship with the land.

John Boles, for our purposes the first of his line, had belonged to a planter named Tom B. Chaplin and the 10 acres he bought had once been a part of Chaplin's plantation. As soon as Boles got title (from the Freedman's Bureau) he planted cotton, okra and collards; he also raised a family. When Boles died in 1915 he left three boys: John Jr., James and Hezekiah.

Boles left no will designating one child heir to his 10 acres. In Beaufort County, and generally among blacks in the rural South, wills were rare. When a man died his land usually passed, by statute, to his wife and children. When the wife and children died the land passed to the grandchildren. Two or three generations later 100 people could be part owners of 10 acres.

In the case of Boles's children, Hezekiah had left for New York and a new life in 1880. James followed five years later, when Hezekiah told him that steady, predictable work was to be had with the railroad. John Jr., the eldest, stayed on the Beaufort land and farmed it, as his father had done before him. But staying on the land was not easy. There were hurricanes and there were years when the rains failed. In 1919 the boll weevil put an end to cotton farming in Beaufort County. The depression was as hard on John and his family as it was on the South in general. But he managed to hang on, partly because during World War II he could get part-time work at a nearby military base. In 1950 he turned the farm over to his oldest son, Frank, and Frank has been working it for the last twenty-five years.

Frank lives in the frame house his grandfather built in 1865. It is dark and damp; Rachel, Frank's wife, is weary of the house and has been insisting for several years that it be rebuilt or abandoned.

The Farmers Home Administration (FmHA) is the federal agency responsible for getting rural people of marginal resources out of shacks and into modest homes; it has put thousands of blacks into small houses. Believing, therefore, that the FmHA would help him build a new house, Frank went to the county supervisor in Beaufort County. The supervisor told him he would need "clear title" and recommended a lawyer who would "quiet title." The lawyer told Frank that he would need "quitclaim" deeds from all the heirs, and from any other persons having an interest in the 10 acres. Frank got "quitclaim" deeds from his own brothers and eventually he got deeds from Hezekiah's three children (all living in Stamford, Conn.). But Frank never knew his Uncle James and never heard if James had married or had children. In spite of his best efforts, he could not find James or any trace of his children.

Frank went back to the FmHA and explained his problem. "I can't find no trace of the man. He didn't come home for my daddy's funeral and none of my people in New York know anything about James." The FmHA supervisor then told Frank that this missing interest was considered a "cloud on the title," and meant there could be no title certificate or title insurance. "The best thing for you to do is to find some other land—or get yourself a doublewide."

Although mobile homes ("doublewides") are an ac-

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ceptable alternative for many people, Frank wants something permanent. Unfortunately, he can get no help at the Farmers Home Administration. He will discover that the "missing interest" will discourage every bank and every lender, and that both bankers and bureaucrats will urge him into a mobile home, because it can be financed without a mortgage.

We are not talking about a problem that is peculiar to South Carolina. Although Heirs Property is estimated to involve 8 percent of the land in that state, it afflicts one-third of black-owned land from North Carolina to Mississippi. Heirs Property is most acute in rural counties, those counties that are still untouched by heavy industry, suburban home building, oil exploration or resort development; counties where agriculture is still the principal source of income and land can be purchased for less than $500 an acre.

What is really wrong with shared ownership? The land can be lived on and farmed by any of its owners. What's wrong with that? The land can be lived on and farmed, but that's about the extent of it. Because ownership is uncertain or scattered, this land cannot be mortgaged, or put up as collateral to finance farm equipment, or used in any other way to generate credit. But the biggest problem is not credit; the biggest problem is the likelihood that the property will be lost by those who own it. To understand this danger, one must understand what happened to the Southern black family as it "grew" and migrated from the South.

It was predictable that some of the family, some of these displaced heirs, would lose interest in paying taxes and keeping fences tidy. These children and grandchildren were leading lives that would eventually alienate them from the land. But something else was happening to these people: as the family grew, individual interests in the land were getting smaller.

In 1932, C.V. Kiser, who was writing a book called *Sea Island to City*, interviewed a number of black migrants in New York City. When he asked these recent emigrants if they owned land, they would invariably say that they owned an "interest in some." Kiser wrote, "The number of individuals nowadays having an 'interest' in land may be ascertained somewhat by the eighteen quitclaim signatures which a recent purchaser of a small tract of land secured in order to obtain a clear title."

Thirty-five years after Kiser wrote about the problem created by eighteen heirs, a tract of land in Mississippi (one believed to be above oil) required 1,000 signatures. and 1,000 heirs provide 1,000 targets to a "developer" who really wants the land. A person bent on acquisition can purchase the interest of any single heir—any fractional interest—then demand that "his" interest be partitioned from the tract. If the land cannot be easily subdivided, and very often that cannot be done equitably, the court will order a sale of the land and a division of the proceeds. It is not uncommon for the person triggering the sale to purchase the entire tract, that having been the plan.

Land in South Carolina's Sea Islands (a popular coastal resort) and tracts in the Citronelle Oil Field (north of Mobile, Ala.) were forced on the market by this device. These involuntary sales are a serious and continuing problem in Alabama. The Emergency Land Fund—a nonprofit organization created to slow black land loss in the South—spends a great deal of its time trying to rally heirs, raise enough money to purchase the endangered property, and keep those heirs who live on the land in their homes. The Alabama office of the ELF participated in at least seventy partition suits during 1977. It estimates that between 150 and 200 partition sales, involving land in Alabama's Black Belt, occurred that year. The total of such sales throughout the South is not known, for the records are scattered in county courthouses across the whole region. Alabama lawyers receive a 10 percent nonnegotiable fee for handling a partition action that results in a sale. While no one has drawn a direct relationship, this fixed sum can only encourage sales and discourage division.

Tax sales can be an equally serious consequence of multiple ownership. Usually one heir, the one still living on the land, has been paying the taxes. Thus, his death precipitates a crisis. Which heir will assume the tax burden? Who will return home and maintain the land? Sometimes the family discovers that no one is interested in farming or paying the taxes. If the family is small, it may be able to consolidate the interests and sell, but that kind of cooperation is difficult when twenty, forty, or more people are involved.

While there are many reasons for black owners to lose their land—including voluntary sales—Heirs Property accelerates this loss. With two or three exceptions, every county in the South having significant minority land ownership "lost" a large part of that ownership between 1969 and 1974. Barbour County, Alabama is a good example. In 1969 the Agricultural Census reported 17,901 black-owned acres; by 1974 blacks held only 10,687 acres in this county. According to the same census, black holdings in Mississippi dropped by 500,000 acres in these years, and in Alabama, the blacks lost 300,000 acres. For Georgia the figure was 230,000 acres; for South Carolina, 200,000 acres; for North Carolina, 100,000 acres. While the census figures may not be precise, they do indicate erosion. If it continues, one can reasonably assume that black land ownership in the South will be insignificant by 1985.

Another problem—the one confronting Frank Boles—is credit. The Farmers Home Administration has a well-intentioned housing program designed to put lower-income families under a decent roof, but when it comes to security for a loan, the agency is stiff-necked. It wants a clear title and nothing less will do.

The Housing Act of 1949 (the Act that created the FmHA's program) does not insist on clear title. The language requires security "upon the applicant's equity in the farm" that will reasonably assure repayment of the debt. There is even language in the FmHA regulations that would allow the use of a "partial interest" to secure a housing loan, when that interest is large enough to cover the value of the loan. But despite this language

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and although Frank can show a two-thirds interest in the 10 acres, it is unlikely that the FmHA will make him any kind of loan. It is also unlikely—in the five Southern states that I surveyed—that the FmHA will finance Frank's attempt to find James or his children. But the chances are very good that the FmHA will encourage Frank to find another piece of property on which to build or to purchase a mobile home.

This kind of advice removes thousands of acres from use as collateral, and it eliminates thousands of acres that could be used as sites for new homes. More important, this practice means that thousands of families, large families, have been forced into mobile homes that were not designed for families or for long use. In short, this federal policy simply defers the problem of rural housing for blacks until these mobile homes disintegrate.

Scattered ownership creates other problems. For example, those who live on Heirs Property cannot in most states qualify for the homestead exemption. But the reality is the continuing failure to recognize and label Heirs Property for what it is—a serious, debilitating handicap that prevents economic activity on millions of acres of Southern farmland. Many blacks still believe that Heirs Property is a blessing, that this confused ownership protects them from developers. But in fact Heirs Property is no obstacle to anyone who wants to trigger a partition sale.

There are lawyers who argue that Heirs Property is *not* widespread, and that in any event existing statutes are adequate to deal with the problem. North Carolina lawyer Herbert Toms says, "There is no property that cannot be cleared." "The existing laws can deal with the heir situation in Alabama," says Jerry Austell in Mobile. "We shouldn't make any changes . . . at least the law is comprehensible now."

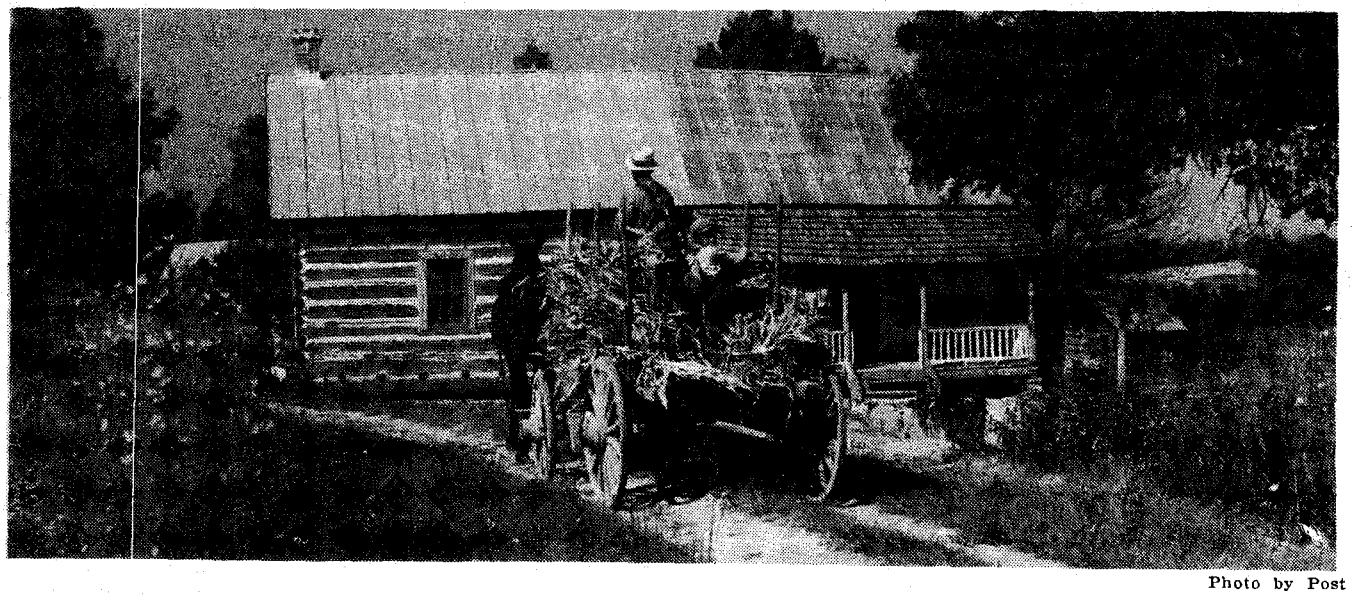
In one respect, these lawyers are correct. The existing statutes are logical and can be made to deal with almost any situation, assuming you can pay the legal costs. A "quiet title" action—even one that involves no more than two or three heirs—is expensive. After the heirs have been located, they must be persuaded to consolidate what they own. This takes time, money, persistence; and in the end one stubborn heir, or an heir who cannot be found, can destroy a well-conceived effort.

Recognizing this problem, the South Carolina legislature in 1974 introduced a bill that would have authorized the state housing authority to underwrite suits to clear title on land involving 15 acres or less and having a market value of $15,000 or less.

The bill might have released thousands of acres in South Carolina from title bondage. Unfortunately, the legislature adjourned before action was taken, and the legislator who pushed for passage has since retired. But at least some people in South Carolina realized that the state (not to mention its black citizens) would benefit if these properties were in a position to be built upon (and fully taxed). But South Carolina is the only Southern state that has made any move to that end, although Mississippi is considering legislation. Organizations like the Emergency Land Fund are without funds, without staff adequate to deal with the massive amount of acreage involved. The people who recognize Heirs Property for what it is have no ability whatsoever to remedy the problem.

Although there is no functioning program at the FmHA that would help people like Frank Boles, there is a proposed amendment to Senate Bill 1150 that could make FmHA housing available to folks with Heirs Property. This amendment would authorize the Secretary of Agriculture to make loans on land even though there are "remote outstanding claims." While this language would have obvious application in the South, the amendment would also be important in New Mexico, where Spanish land grants have clouded titles. It would make the FmHA housing program available to Indians and Eskimos in Alaska. In Maine, litigation by Indians has clouded title to thousands of acres.

Gloria Tinubu, who wrote her masters thesis on Heirs Property in South Carolina, found that the "inability to agree" was the primary reason why Heirs Property remained Heirs Property. The proposed amendment speaks directly to this problem. The distant cousin in Cleveland



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who will not cooperate or even acknowledge that he has a 1/64th interest would not be allowed to block the loan, since it is hoped that the amendment would identify such an interest as "remote."

At this writing the FmHA is trying to define "remote." State offices are asking the county supervisors what kind of "remote claims" prevented loans in the past. Obviously the definition of "remote" is as critical as the amendment itself.

To return to Frank Boles, what is the likelihood that James, or his children, will show up and attack the title? How long has it been since anyone has seen James? Questions of that sort must be answered if the FmHA is realistically to assess "risk." If it is unlikely that James or his heirs will return, then that missing interest, even though it is one-third, is a "remote interest."

For the first time there is an opportunity at the federal level to untangle this legal mess. The Farmers Home Administration has demonstrated a willingness to assume a certain degree of risk in an attempt to put millions of acres back into productive use. It will be a tragedy, a quiet tragedy, if the Congress fails to seize this chance. □

WITH McCARTHY IN '68

THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN

STEPHEN DARST

"And if you are elected President of the United States," Johnny asked his guest on the Carson show that night during the 1968 campaign, "what kind of President do you think you would make?"

"I think," Eugene McCarthy replied, "I would be adequate."

Campaign journalism is written, and properly so, from the campaign plane where the action is. With the McCarthy campaign in 1968 it was often difficult to tell where the action was, if indeed, there was any action. But if it was anywhere in that campaign, it was not on the candidate's plane but at the grass roots—in the Missouri wilderness, for example. It is hard to believe that ten years have passed since that Saint Crispin's Day when thousands upon thousands of us massed, more or less, under the banner, if it can be called that, of Gene McCarthy.

I remember best the telephone calls, at all hours, from all over the state, all over the country even. A political campaign is chaotic, especially the McCarthy campaign, but campaign disorder must at least be brisk and relentless. So you found yourself, two o'clock in the morning, startled to physical if not political consciousness, in the dark bedroom, groping for the alarming phone before it roused the house. A long-distance operator.

"Neosho, Missouri calling." Some far-flung dove out there in the hawkish night. "Will you accept . . .?"

"St. Louis? Jack Fisher on this end. Chairman of the Vernon County Democrats, Concerned Republicans and Thoughtful Independents for McCarthy."

I rack my brain, trying to come fully awake. As Missouri campaign manager for McCarthy I should have some memory of having corresponded with Fisher, at least the minimum correspondence necessary to install him in that prestigious post. But I draw a blank. Fisher must be a Chubb man. Walston Chubb, the chairman of the Missouri campaign, runs his own show, to put it mildly. In his travels back and forth across Missouri he is given to dispensing county chairmanships as rewards for gas tanks adroitly filled. Whoever Fisher is, he wants to tell me about a parade in Neosho next weekend, a big affair to hear Fisher tell it.

"And if you could get us some McCarthy bumper stickers or some posters or pictures of the Senator. Anything. There'll be a good crowd, 500 or so, and we were wondering if there's any chance of getting the Senator himself to come?"

I propose McCarthy's brother from St. Paul. Washington headquarters is always offering the brother, so I assume the chances of getting him are good. It's not shooting for the moon, McCarthy's lawyer brother from St. Paul, and they say he looks very much like the Senator.

"His brother?" Fisher is not enthusiastic, even when I play on the family resemblance. "That's a little remote, I'm afraid. By the way, this is a big farm area. Would you by any chance have copies of McCarthy's farm record?"

His farm record—even at two in the morning I brighten. No Senator for Neosho, possibly not even any brother McCarthy, but the farm record—there I can oblige. In a corner of my basement are stockpiled 5,000 copies of McCarthy's farm record, a treasury of agricultural reading spoiling in the warehouse.

At the beginning of the campaign the national headquarters in Washington sent us a list of luminaries from the world of stage, screen, television, church and academy, all poised to jet in for your McCarthy Saint Patrick's Day dance. In reality, though, you could never get any of them. So when national headquarters turned down your request for a star, it tried to soften the blow by offering to send along a few thousand copies of McCarthy's position papers on international fishing rights. Even in our issue-crazed, newly political Midwestern crowd, position papers on fishing rights were not in great demand, but national headquarters liked to picture us huddled by campfires in the American forest, reading aloud to one another from the Senator's papers.

"These should go over great in Missouri," you would

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hear the voice on the phone explain. The voice was Eastern, street-wise, savvy, but not necessarily farm-savvy. "Here's a speech the Senator made quite recently on sugar quotas. It should be of real interest to your sugar farms. Well, potatoes then. Your justly famous Missouri potato farmers would be interested in McCarthy on potatoes. Look, what say I send the *whole thing*? All his position papers and speeches, and that way you'll *have* them, you know? Then if we can shake Paula Prentiss loose later, so much the better. But the big thing is, Paula Prentiss or no Paula Prentiss, you'll have the position papers."

Phone contact with national headquarters was difficult because every time you called long distance from the start of the campaign almost to the end, everyone had just stepped out to go to the bathroom. Headquarters had a WATS line which allowed unlimited outgoing but not incoming long-distance calls, so the routine was for the secretary at headquarters to tell the operator that Mr. Green had stepped out for a moment. She would take your number and a minute later Mr. Green would call you back. In June, when money began to come in, headquarters had a two-way WATS installed and they started accepting incoming calls, but from December to June when you called long distance to national McCarthy headquarters, everyone was in the john. (I frequently wondered how they handled long-distance calls at Nixon headquarters. Surely John Mitchell didn't hide in the can every time Nixon headquarters received a long-distance call.)

Communication was worse at our end. In Missouri, during the early part of the campaign, we closed up shop each day at sunset. Walston Chubb, a man of virtually boundless charm and energy, was hampered by night vision so impaired that his license to drive expressly prohibited him from operating a motor vehicle after the sun went down. "It cramps our campaign in Missouri," national headquarters told me when explaining the decision to put me in as state campaign manager, "to have a guy running the campaign who can't go out at night."

For all his charm, Chubb was about as sympathetic to the politics of participation, a cornerstone of the New Politics, as Bear Bryant would have been to having the University of Alabama football team run by vote of the players. At the beginning of the campaign when local McCarthy groups began to form around the country, Chubb headed the group in St. Louis, where all the potential McCarthy support in the state was centered. When his distaste for shared decision making became offensive, he was kicked upstairs to the state chairmanship, where he could spend the campaign combing the Ozarks for liberal recruits. The first time I met Chubb he offered to share this awesome responsibility with me.

"My dear boy, how would you like to be vice chairman of the state organization?" he asked me over lunch at the Noonday Club. (One of the best things about the campaign was that everyone, whether in agreement with McCarthy's politics or not, thought that he was a gentleman, particularly in comparison with that upstart Bobby Kennedy. So, as McCarthy's agent you were assumed to be a gentleman, too, and you were often invited to discuss matters over good lunches at fine old clubs.) I asked Chubb if my appointment required the assent of the state organization.

"Certainly not! I am the state organization. Oh, there may be a few volunteers, students, professors, housewives, scattered—" he made a dismissing gesture—"about the state. But we can't wait to bring them all together for a vote everytime we want to make a move, can we? Well, can we? Certainly not."

The breakdown of participatory democracy failed to darken his mood. On the contrary, the opportunity for old-fashioned, no-nonsense, no-discussion, nonparticipatory wheeling and dealing seemed to put Chubb's juices in motion.

"Well then you are the vice chairman of the Missouri State McCarthy Organization. It's settled." He ordered coffee to celebrate. Over the coffee he became conspiratorial. "What do you think the Senator should do about Negroes?"

"What Senator?" I asked. I was not used to thinking in such terms.

"Senator McCarthy, you damn fool!" Chubb cooled down almost immediately, the charming side that took some of the edge off his ferocious, unpredictable temper reasserting itself. "For myself," he said, "I think he is absolutely right in treating Negroes just like everyone else. A lot of the radicals want him to offer special programs. 'Nonsense,' says our Mr. McCarthy. 'I believe in treating all people the same, regardless of the color of their skin or their religion,' says our Mr. McCarthy. But you can't get a lot of these radicals to agree." Chubb looked around the room to see if he could point out a radical spouting some nonsense, but he was probably the most radical member of the club.

Chubb often declaimed highly dubious quotes that sounded more like Chubb than McCarthy, but as a newly installed state officer, I was not in a position to make an issue of it. With his leonine, Lord God Jehovah head, booming voice, Harvard, Columbia Law School, RFC counseling, Mercantile Library trusteeship, membership in the Ethical Society which his father had founded in St. Louis, Chubb was the epitome of establishmentarianism. Which was why, four years before, in 1964, he had been head of Lyndon Johnson's lawyers' committee in St. Louis. When Johnson subsequently expanded the war in Vietnam, Chubb took it as a personal affront, a breach of what he looked on as a gentleman's understanding between Johnson and himself. No pacifist, a captain in the AEF in World War I and a former counsel in the War Finance Corporation, Chubb became a militant dove.

He headed the old Stevensonian wing of our campaign. Locally as well as nationally, there was a rather sharp division in the organization between the Stevensonians—people who came out of settlement house work, Episcopal, Unitarian, Ethical Society, Milk for Colored Babies backgrounds—and, on the other side, the younger McCarthyites who were apt to be Jewish or Catholic and came from middle-class backgrounds and dressed, drank, spoke, smoked and danced somewhat more casually.

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The coalition was between Edith Wharton and Norman Mailer. The Mailers had the workers and the votes; the Whartons, the money and the prestige to keep the whole affair from degenerating into a campaign of—well, as Chubb would have said, a campaign of men who were not gentlemen.

In January McCarthy came to St. Louis for a dinner, his only appearance locally until the closing days of the campaign in August. Those two appearances bracketed the Missouri campaign: the January speech coming in the first, most idealistic part of the campaign, even before his great showing in the New Hampshire primary, and the August one on the eve of the Chicago convention.

The January dinner had all the themes, great and small, of the entire campaign. There was McCarthy's own address, typical of the candidate at his best, an eloquent description of dying Asian children and the devastation of small countries by large countries. There was McCarthy's profound lack of interest in political details. As the only office-holding politician who had agreed to have anything to do with the proceedings (I was a St. Louis alderman), I had expected to discuss the political situation in Missouri, but the McCarthy entourage showed no interest whatsoever in talking politics with politicians. After the speech, McCarthy relaxed in his suite with a few aides while Sister Jacqueline Grennan of Webster College told him how to run the campaign.

The campaign went into a sort of "phony-war" period between the dinner and the New Hampshire primary. Being so far from the East Coast, all we could do was send money and hold pointless meetings. There was never such a campaign for meetings, most of ours held, appropriately enough, in the moot courtroom at the Washington University School of Law. The amount of pure palaver was stupefying. You listened to long-haired 17-year-olds expounding on the state of the world; to dry, verbose old lawyers explaining the minutiae of election law. Jake McCarthy, a Teamsters union official, usually presided. As one of the few labor officials to enlist in the campaign, he spoke for the laboring men of the country. I don't mean he assumed the role—he was a modest, intelligent guy who would never have presumed to speak for anyone except himself. The role was simply assigned him. As an office-holding Democrat, I was cast as spokesman for the party, and any black face that wandered in off the street spoke for the dark skins of the world.

In August, McCarthy, making his final swing of the campaign, came into St. Louis for a speech to a mass rally at Kiel Auditorium. Before the rally there was a cocktail party for party leaders at the Chase Hotel. McCarthy made a few remarks, there were drinks, and then I was to take him up to a room in the hotel to meet Daniel Fitzpatrick, the two-time Pulitzer Prize-winning editorial cartoonist for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, who had come out of retirement to draw one last cartoon for the McCarthy campaign. Fitzpatrick had framed the original for presentation to McCarthy.

When we left the cocktail party, we were escorted across the lobby of the hotel by Secret Servicemen. My wife was six months pregnant at the time and McCarthy took her arm.

"Don't worry," he reassured her as the elevator rose at a labor-inducing velocity, "my personal physician here is perfectly qualified to assist at childbirth."

Upstairs, Fitzpatrick made the presentation. Aides swarmed around McCarthy, making a show of checking watches every few moments, shooting their cuffs, looking impatient. Two minutes was the allotted time for old cartoonists. Labor leaders and party bosses were in adjoining rooms, waiting to meet with the candidate in private, but McCarthy showed no sign of wanting to move on. Fitzpatrick asked McCarthy if he knew a friend in some lost Minnesota hamlet. McCarthy thought. Perhaps. But did Fitz know . . .? Fitz considered. The conversation went on, minute after overtime minute. Flashbulbs had long since stopped popping. Finally, McCarthy moved toward the door. He looked back to the corner of the room where my wife was standing. He walked over to her.

"What are you hoping for?" he asked. "Have you prayed to Saint Columbkille? You must pray to Saint Columbkille. He is the patron saint of pregnant women. You pray to him for a safe delivery. Of course, it's very much like the church that they would have a man rather than a woman as the patron saint of pregnant women, but that's the way it is and Saint Columbkille is the one."

He delivered a short, charming lecture on Saint Columbkille, the wonders worked, the miracles ascribed. He was very nice, very fatherly, talking low, not the least bit pietistic but with a curious monastic peace about him in the bustle of a Presidential campaign.

While he talked I occupied myself with riddle solving. The riddle of McCarthy never ends and then it was just beginning. He looked like Jack Haley, the straw man in *The Wizard of Oz*. But whatever McCarthy was, he was not a straw man. In his role he resembled de Gaulle, the wartime de Gaulle, London Charlie, refusing to be shunted aside by the power brokers. Hubert Humphrey's Cross of Lorraine. But de Gaulle was only a part-time mystic. The soul of France, yes, but also its history, culture, exports, imports, veto in the Common Market, 4,000 cheeses. McCarthy never wanted to *be* the United States. He lay claim only to the role of conscience of the nation—it obviated all that tedious poring over gross national product statistics. Dozing through all those Senate Foreign Relations Committee meetings, all those tedious Senate votes. Roll calls . . . Teller votes . . . saviors do not answer roll calls.

And that, you finally decide, is the answer to the riddle, come in a burst of insight, a leap of doubt. McCarthy is a savior, a religious, not a political, leader. And the point to remember with religious leaders is that they do not need to have followers. Or at any rate for a great deal longer than political leaders they don't need them; they can afford to wait. Political leaders, operating somewhere this side of Paradise, must find a constituency to mold and to lead, but religious leaders can

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be discovered years after their deaths. Bonhoeffer. What they must have pre-eminently is rectitude. They must be right. And they must be intriguing enough to maintain interest in their cause until such time as their candidacy for canonization gains the votes to get out of committee.

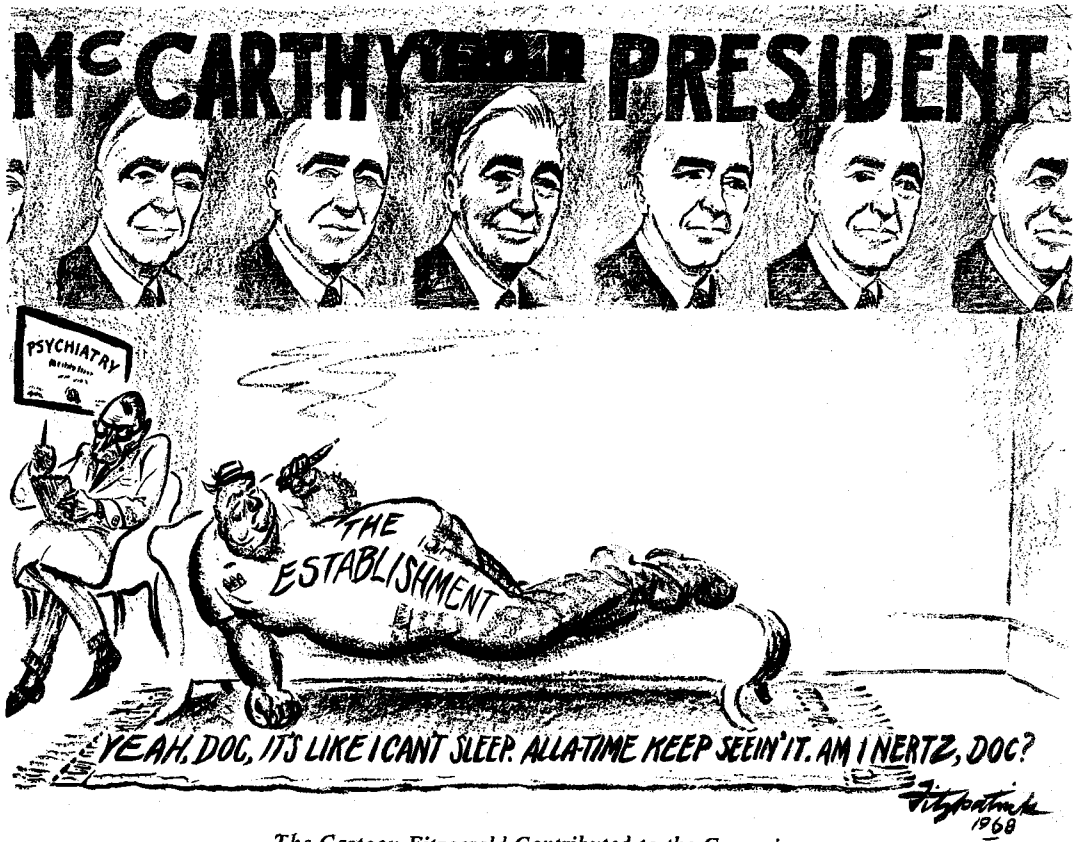
Later, when the campaign was over, McCarthy began to cast off everything, the old conventions and disciplines. He began to work within the framework of nonrepresentational politics, became our first Abstract Expressionist politician, using the objective as a starting point the way Pollock and Rothko did, then casting off, cutting off his following by not supporting liberal and radical measures and candidates (first with rather patient explanations, then with truculent explanations, finally without explanation), throwing away his seat on the Foreign Relations Committee, then the Senate seat itself, distancing himself step by step from followers, family, constituency. The next time around he was to run without supporters—supporters only got in the way. In 1968 he said all you needed was someone to drive the car to get you to the hall. After 1968 he knew the way to the hall. Pure politician now because pure riddle, distillate of mystification.

The mystique of de Gaulle was that he *was* France. Lyndon Johnson's mystique was professionalism, knowing the one secretary who would get up in the middle of the night to do a hurry-up typing job on a rush report. The Kennedy mystique was based on action. Or, at least, movement. In a world where it is obvious that nothing much is going to be done to solve problems with our old liberal answers, yet a world where radicalism and revolution are frightening, it is comforting to see a person moving purposefully, tie askew, hair blowing in the wind. Humphrey had all the mystique of a punch line. He was the eternal pharmacist, taking the complex prescriptions of the intellectuals and reducing them to generic formulas for all life's ills, the middleman between the doctors of the party and the suffering patients. McCarthy's mystique is that he is always right, always in the right position at the right time—merely standing there, it is true, not *doing* much, not climbing down mine shafts or wringing that last hand at the factory gate, but *there* nonetheless.

"Where did you go to school?" he was asking my wife. He talked about his daughters, where they went to school, schools in Washington and New York. After a while he wandered off.

The police estimated the crowd at the rally that night at 17,000 although the police were not sympathetic to McCarthy or his cause and the auditorium is supposed to hold only 15,000. His staff and the press traveling with him said that it was the most impressive rally of the campaign. I have never been in a hall more charged with electricity, barely channeled electricity, psychic wires alive and snapping. You said anything, "New Hampshire," and the response was thunderous. "Wisconsin!" A roar. It was sufficient to name states and the months of the primary elections and the crowd roared back after each. The speaker introducing McCarthy made the mistake of mentioning McCarthy's name in the opening sentence and got no further.

The crowd erupted into a thunderous standing ovation which dipped and peaked, higher and higher until there was a movement by the door at the rear of the hall, the spotlight picked up a gray-silver head, moving, barely



The Cartoon Fitzgerald Contributed to the Campaign.

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moving, through the throng. It took McCarthy five minutes to push through to the front, another five minutes before the noise had subsided enough for him to begin. Though obviously moved, he came in under the crowd's enthusiasm. At the end they pushed forward to reach him as the Secret Service moved him out of the hall.

And that is where the McCarthy campaign ended, the last rally. There was still the convention, of course, but conventions are delegates. Delegates, strictly speaking, are not people, and this was called by McCarthy the "Year of the People." Beyond that last rally the grass, even the roots, turned a bit brown.

When I came home that night I was still filled with the excitement of the rally and I went down to the basement to look at the last memento of the campaign that I owned since my wife had pitched out the 5,000 copies of McCarthy's farm record. In a dark corner of the basement were several enormous boxes containing copies of the Fitzpatrick cartoon. We had printed 3,000 copies which were offered to the public at $5 apiece, $100 if personally autographed by Fitzpatrick, to raise money for the campaign. They had not sold well. Fitzpatrick's cartooning skills were rusty after several years in retirement. He had left the letter "H" out of McCarthy's name and then smudged the name in making the correction. Of the original 3,000 copies there were at least 2,500 left in those boxes in my basement. I opened the top box, took one out and looked at it.

It was a perfect 1930s cartoon. A grossly bloated politician was lying on a couch telling his psychoanalyst, "I must be nertz, Doc, but I can't get it out of my head." McCarthy's face was all over the top of the picture, together with the still-smudgy name "McCARTHY," spooking the haunchy, paunchy, jowly pol with that bland, enigmatic smile.

But there was more to it than that. There was a lot of old-fashioned liberalism to it, bright-eyed progressives fighting entrenched privilege, condescending a bit, no doubt, but carrying on, fighting to the last. Doing good, God help us, against the corrupt machine.

And looking at the cartoon you felt the most tangible nostalgia for old floor fights, old caucuses. The presence of several thousand unsold cartoons gathering dust in my cellar permitted me to be forgiving of the shortcomings and idiosyncracies of campaign colleagues. All of them seemed like quaint and lovable characters from Dickens, and by way of absolution for all our sins, offenses and negligences, I tried to put into words, into a sort of belated rally introduction, all I felt about that campaign, all I felt about the candidate and what he had meant that year:

"To paraphrase words used by Stephen Vincent Benet about another Celt from St. Paul, Minn.," I thought, putting my remarks in order for the benefit of the grimy cartoons, "You can take off your hats now, gentlemen, and I think perhaps you had better. For this is not a legend, it is a reputation, and it may well be the most decent political reputation of our time. For four months during the winter of 1968 this man embodied the political honor of our country. I give you a man who once upon a time was adequate—the very, very adequate Eugene J. McCarthy of Minnesota." □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 258)*

When I interviewed various political leaders in Rome in January . . . I stumbled upon an inside tip, hitherto buried. . . . I learned from a highly placed government official, very close to the Prime Minister, that it was Giulio Andreotti himself who had called Ambassador Richard Gardner to request American intervention! Gardner acceded and obtained President Carter's compliance.

Why should Andreotti have initiated the SOS call? He was under fire from his own Christian Democratic right wing to continue excluding the PCI. This sector of his party interlocks in personnel with the top banking group that has been making inroads into control of Italy's nationalized industries. . . . The economic crisis had culminated at the end of December when the state had bailed out its industries by advancing $500 million to pay year-end salaries. Speculation runs rife on how the interest and capital is to be financed. The banking interests are unwilling to relinquish their growing control of industry as well as their tight political control of state finances.

Moreover, the bankers do not want the Communists snooping into their cozy corporate and political arrangements, their massive corruption and, above all, their illegal export of investment capital that the country needs desperately. . . .

Ambassador Gardner, formerly professor of international relations at Columbia University, should have known better than to play this game and involve the President in this counterproductive act of intervention. Birnbaum is right in reporting: "The competence and judgment of Ambassador Gardner have been questioned, publicly in the press, privately by the political elite." . . . *Sylvia E. Crane*

affection for Communists

New York City

In his review of Vivian Gornick's *The Romance of American Communism* [*The Nation*, Jan. 28] Ronald Radosh quotes me as saying that her theme was "anathema" to me. The quote is correct, but, in the context, it implies I disapprove of the book. I do not. I think it is first-rate writing —alive with deft characterizations, fresh insights and "affecting, even haunting reminiscences," to use Radosh's words. In friendly disagreement with the reviewer, I think it is a significant political contribution.

Basically, Radosh criticizes the author as having an individualistic, literary approach—an essayist's approach—to a complex political history. But that is exactly what the *author* wished to write. Radosh is objecting that this is not the book *he*, or I, would have written.

Radosh deplores that for Gornick, coming out of the feminist movement, "the personal *is* political"; he, and I, think this approach is one-sided. Nonetheless, her approach does have its own validity and meaning. In truth, for us political scientists, it provides a salutary corrective.

Politically, I welcome the book. Presenting Communists with affection, respect and dignity, as flesh and blood human beings shaped by America and shaping it, helps erode in the general public the villainous caricature of Communists which has long been fostered, and which Radosh, but not I, thinks is on the decline. True, the paranoia of the McCarthy years has abated, and the worst type of redbaiting has receded, but this country is still heavily weighted to the Right, still readily prone to a relapse into the mindless anticommunism of Kissinger, Ford, Nixon and Reagan (*vide* their comments on the current Italian situation).

Like the two other splendid books in his review which Radosh approves of—Jessica Mitford's *A Fine Old Conflict* and Peggy Dennis's *Autobiography of an American Communist*—*The Romance of American Communism* is effective *precisely because*, as the comrades used to say, it is so absorbingly personalized. The dozens of Communists and former Communists who agreed to participate in the book would seem to have shared this point of view.

Carl Marzani

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A One-Man Heathen Horde

SHROVETIDE IN OLD NEW ORLEANS. *By Ishmael Reed. Doubleday and Company. 293 pp. $8.95.*

JACK HICKS

Starting with *The Free-Lance Pallbearers* (1967), Ishmael Reed has published five novels, most recently *Flight to Canada* (1976). To this, add four collections of poetry, an excellent early anthology of Third World writing (*19 Necromancers from Now*, 1970), and the active editing of *Yardbird Reader*, a multi-ethnic literary journal. By any standard, he has been a busy man. More cannibal than Christian (Melville's ironic terms, but Reed is self-described, equally ironically, in the Introduction to *Shrovetide in Old New Orleans* as "a heathen. A one-man heathen horde."), he has quarreled in print—and often in person—with thinkers of every significant intellectual stripe in the 1970s. And yet, quite beyond his feelings of having been wronged, at various times, by New York, big publishers, Jewish intellectuals, white liberal critics, Pan-Africanists, black Marxists, feminists, and the West Coast "gay-hippie-cowboy" literary conspiracy, he has been recognized and his work increasingly regarded as that of a major writer of the 1970s. His best novel, the HooDoo detective epic *Mumbo Jumbo*, and *Conjure*, the second collection of poems, were reviewed prominently, and *both* were nominated for National Book Awards in 1973. He is well known in Europe, and among the French, avid followers of Afro-American writing since Richard Wright went to Paris in 1946, he is highly regarded. He has written, by invitation, for *Le Monde*, and Michel Fabre, the Wright biographer and noted scholar of Afro-American literature, speaks of him as the leading black post-modern in America.

An autodidact and relentless researcher, Reed lards his fiction and poetry with factual material—voodoo lore and vaudeville jokes, material drawn from black musicology and dance, arcane myths and fugitive slave narratives—but this is his first book of "pure" nonfiction. To be sure, the hand of the novelist is only partly restrained, but the book is a collection of essays, interviews, book reviews, and personal polemics and reminiscences. It offers an excellent gloss on his other work, and is a fascinating and uneven book, by turns humble and strutting, filled with articulate, sharply held opinions, a virulent impatience with cant and—mercifully—occasional glimpses of his own follies in the great parade of the 1960s and 1970s.

Reed describes *Shrovetide* as "an installment of an autobiography of my mind starting in about 1970." He identifies an attitude which all these writings share: "They don't feel that life has to be a heavy Russian Dostoevskian din of intense pain as some of the junior existentialist Eisenhower era critics from Harvard—who own a closet full of trench coats and dangle their cigarettes like Camus—require black writers to believe. The crying towel doesn't show up in my writing; I feel a little uneasy crying the blues when my life is more comfortable than that of perhaps 70 percent of the people in the world."

The title essay, along with an essay on Haiti and Papa Doc Duvalier ("I Hear You, Doc"), represent Reed at his best. Early in his career, he wrote that the "Afro-American artist is similar to the Necromancer. . . . He is a conjurer who works juju upon his oppressors; a witch doctor who frees his fellow victims from the psychic attack launched by the demons of the outer and inner worlds." This conviction that literature serves the function of psychological liberation for both black artist and audience is shared by many Afro-American writers of the period. Reed, in particular, has waged war with critics who have prescribed the proper literary configurations for that liberation. In *Yellow Back Radio Broke-Down*, he satirizes his bête noire Irving Howe as "Bo Shmo and the neo-social realist gang." After a run of scatological ridicule, the Loop Garoo Kid offers a literary credo: "What's your beef with me Bo Shmo, what if I write circuses? No one says a novel has to be one thing. It can be anything it wants to be, a vaudeville show, the six o'clock news, the mumblings of wild men saddled by demons." Reed has been interested in "conjuring" both as a metaphor for the reversal of black oppression, and also for its substance, the history and uses of *vodou*/*vodoun*/voodoo/HooDoo, "the fusion of dance, drums, embroidery, herbal medicine, and cuisine of many African nations whose people were brought to Haiti during the slave trade." From there he has followed it to New Orleans, where it flourished as a syncretic African religion under the powers of Marie Laveau, the first HooDoo queen.

"Shrovetide" depicts the less obvious face of Mardi Gras in New Orleans as a masked celebration of HooDoo. The essay is a blend of Reed's elaborate research on the subject and his own distinctly mixed experiences with it. As with his earlier use of Egyptology Reed's use of *voudon* is an effort at employing "a past event of one's country or culture to comment on the present." His attempts to "find a past in the present" in voodoo (and in the arcane secrets of Osiris) account for the strange merging of time periods in his work: of ancient Egypt and the American South of the 1920s in *Mumbo Jumbo*; and of 19th- and 20th-century America in *Flight to Canada* (runaway slave Raven Quickskill escapes to Canada by jumbo jet, sipping champagne, "compliments of the Cap'n!").

In the cultural gumbo of New Orleans and voodoo itself, Reed sees "the perfect metaphor for multi-culture. Voodoo comes out of the fact that all these different tribes and cultures were brought from Africa to Haiti. All of their mythologies, knowledges and herbal medicines, their folklores, jelled. It's an amalgamation like this country."

It is in this area that Reed's most interesting and important work (as editor, writer, publisher) has been done. Since his move to Berkeley in 1967, he has developed a vision of American life and literature as multi-cultural. His writing, which has always absorbed many other literary forms and traditions, now assimilates other nonwhite cultures: Asian-American, Chicano, native American, even Eskimo. Reed has also sought to give this vision a concrete form outside of his own writing. His *Yardbird Reader* has consistently introduced

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and retrieved Third World writers and artists, as have the publishing and distribution ventures of Reed, Cannon & Johnson, Inc. As Reed writes here, "Anyone who tries to keep his cultural experience to himself is like a miser, moribund in a rooming house, uneaten beef stew lying on a table, and lonely except for the monotonous tick tock of a drugstore clock—all that gold stashed in the closet doing no one any good." Lest this all seem hopelessly noble, we should note that first steps are often difficult and embarrassing, and Reed, to this end, recounts one such incident, after a rehearsal for Frank Chin's *Chickencoop Chinaman*, when he invited the assembled Asian-Americans to "a swell Chinese restaurant around the corner." A chilling silence followed.

By temperament, he works best against the grain. There is an independent, often polemic cast to these essays. Reed is most persuasive in writing on George Schuyler and Chester Himes, talented black artists whom intellectual and racial fashion have passed by. Schuyler, Josephine Baker, Charlie Parker, the later Wright, seem to him figures betrayed or abandoned by black people as well as by the dominant culture. He is direct on the matter, and has been attacked for his view: "I became cynical very early when I saw some of the militants picking up the habits of the oppressors." There is a stubborn, no-nonsense side to the man, perhaps surprising in view of the fantastic quality of his fiction; we see him in collision with self-appointed spokesmen, theoreticians, and/or soft-minded ideologues. As innovative and creative as his fiction seems to be, his social ideals are finally in the American grain: often male-oriented, advocating hard work, thrift, self-help, exploiting the system.

This is all not to say that I read *Shrovetide in Old New Orleans* with unalloyed admiration. I think Reed spreads his considerable talents too thin at times, and some of the pieces here—notably book reviews—show it. He is an impatient essayist ("the essay is the ditch-digging occupation of writing," he notes), and moves in fits and starts, seemingly annoyed with the usual pace and connective tissue of exposition.

But Reed is an original. His prose is a pleasure to read, filled with little veins of energy and irritation. He has the instincts of a good street fighter, yet ends his book with the last words of a poem by the daughter of a murdered friend: "Well right now I'm glad we have each other/My brothers, my sister and my mother." Like the man says, "I am human and don't devote my time to just one emotion. I even get mad and jealous, emotions most people I know have gotten over, to hear them tell it. . . . I live big, I eat big, love big, and when I die, I'll die big." *Shrovetide in Old New Orleans* is a big book. □

Humiliation After Humiliation

THE PANAMA CANAL: The Crisis in Historical Perspective. *By Walter LaFeber. Oxford University Press. 227 pp. $10.95.*

TERRY THOMETZ

> "Have I defended myself?" asked Teddy Roosevelt. "You certainly have," replied a brave Elihu Root. "You have shown that you were accused of seduction and you have conclusively proved that you were guilty of rape."

Walter LaFeber has written a balanced, unemotional indictment of the history of the United States in Panama. Beginning with Balboa and concluding with the treaties of 1977, LaFeber frames the evolution of U.S.-Panamanian relations within the larger context of gunboat, big stick and shuttle diplomacy. Although written as a diplomatic history, evidence of "diplomacy" is scant, for this is a history of treachery, colonialism and racism, of one power's domination of another—politically, economically, militarily, psychologically—of "humiliation after humiliation."

As LaFeber shows, however, Washington does not deserve *all* the credit for Panama's misfortunes despite its manipulation of Panamanian elections, its contribution to Panama's external economic dependence, its repeated violations of the 1903 treaty, its naked racism and outright murder of Panamanians, and even despite that bizarre anomaly, its Middle American parody, the Canal Zone. The United States became a successful if inept colonial power in Panama with the enthusiastic cooperation of Panama's corrupt oligarchy: an alliance subsequent events would prove singularly shortsighted. For, confronted with worsening poverty and rising nationalism, the oligarchy survived for several decades by directing "rage away from itself and toward the Canal Zone."

The combination of U.S. control of Canal revenues, the oligarchy's refusal to tax itself for national development and the succession of weak, often corrupt, central governments produced, not unpredictably, a Panama in which "the rich got richer and the poor died young."

In 1968, the oligarchy "committed political suicide," creating unprecedented opportunities for its successor, Gen. Omar Torrijos, to redress Panama's institutionalized inequities. Too complex for standard political labels, Torrijos

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TEETH

Teeth are so touchy. They're part of your skeleton.
Laid out on the dentist's couch, you're being strummed.
Still vibrant. For how long? You're shown an X-ray

of the future: how the lower jaw has wandered away
into a neighbor's lot. The fillings glitter,
but it's glowworm's work by now.

A skull white as enamel,
the fontanelle's fine stitchery can be admired.
Does it remember being covered

with scraggly hair, like a coconut?
Bald as a baby, and with one wide bucktooth left,
you have the upturned grin of a carefree clown.

So you drool and spit up. That's only
temporary. There'll be just one big cavity soon.
You'll be dry—yes, dry as a bone.

May Swenson

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might well be characterized by the remarkable statement he made in a letter to Sen. Edward Kennedy in 1970: "We came to the conclusion that there was a direct relationship between social violence and social justice." In his quest for social justice Torrijos committed himself to comprehensive economic reform and rural, rather than urban, development. Panama borrowed heavily to finance this development; by 1972, debt service alone swallowed up a quarter of all government revenues. A few years later, in 1975, domestic "economic programs had hit dead ends. . . . The Canal then appeared less as a waterway than a life raft. . . . The eight percent annual growth rate of the 1960's declined to less than two percent in 1975. . . . Burdened with the highest per capita debt of any Latin American government, Panama faced deep financial retrenchment after overspending during the pre-1972 boom."

The economic situation left Torrijos vulnerable to both the Left and Right at home; and as a result of the treaty negotiations, he was also besieged by U.S. politicians of every persuasion. Since the completion of LaFeber's book no less than fifty U.S. Senators have stormed through Panama. It took their combined prodding and probing, their extraction of every possible and improbable concession and compromise to finally prompt Torrijos's withdrawal from office. It is not certain whether his promised resignation can salvage his dignity as a Panamanian patriot or whether he will be blamed in his country for yet another fraud in a seventy-five-year history of relations with the United States.

The proposed treaties, better suited for 1903 than 1978, are a cruel joke upon a suffering Panamanian economy. In this context, the Senate debate on "sovereignty" is absurd; Panama is offered a limited political sovereignty while the economic dependence remains intact. Recently, Ely Brandes, perhaps the foremost U.S. expert on Canal economics, revealed to the Senate that his own current forecast of toll revenues projects a break-even or deficit future: a conclusion of pivotal importance as treaty negotiators based their annuity formula on Dr. Brandes's 1974 analysis and projections.

Panamanian economist Xavier Gorostiaga has demonstrated that the colonial enclave has been transformed into a financial enclave. The actual turning point in this metamorphosis occurred in 1970 with the passage of a Panamanian banking law that turned Panama "into the Switzerland of Latin America . . . a banker's paradise. The impact of the 1970 law on the internal economy was measurable: in 1960, local Panamanian banks controlled 70 percent of the deposits and 96 percent of the loans in the country; in 1976, foreign banks controlled 91 percent of the deposits and 77 percent of the loans. The economy remains colonialized; only the forms were slightly altered." As an international tax-free banking center, Panama forms the apex of a transfer pricing triangle for an estimated 55,000 "paper" companies, without benefit to Panama. Thus, "the 1977 treaties affect the degree, not the fact, of Panama's dependence."

Treaty ratification advocates will applaud LaFeber's excellent research and readable style. Treaty opponents will encounter a dilemma: their commitment to an imperialist version of the "national interest" will require perpetuating a long history of injustice. LaFeber's recognition that U.S.-Panamanian history cannot be reduced to the Canal itself, to dead-weight tonnage, toll revenues and property titles—is an important contribution to the political polemics. □

Turning Over the Other Cheek

BRINA CAPLAN and LEONARD ROSS

My old poker buddies had me supplying their beer and emptying their ashtrays. My dentist told me I talked too much. Last summer, I overheard the mustard whispering to the ketchup that it wouldn't be seen on my ugly ties.

That convinced me. I was a loser.

In six months my life has changed. The poker boys are making prompt payments on their second mortgages. My dentist whimpers every time I sit in the chair. I wear spotless bow ties and look like a million dollars.

Which is a lot less than I'm worth. After a creative divorce, an exciting demotion and a triumphant bankruptcy, I have come out rich, vibrant and freed of my childhood dependence on chocolate-chip cookie batter.

I owe it all to literature. I began with Robert Ringer's classic, *Winning Through Intimidation*, a book that makes you afraid to put it down. Ringer used to be a loser just like me. People thought that he was only an ordinary real estate salesman because that's what his business cards said. So Ringer threw the cards away and printed up a spectacular brochure costing nearly $5 a copy. Inside it read:

EARTH
TO LIFE . . . SUPPORT
TO THE EXPLORER . . . A BASE
TO THE WISE . . .
AN INVESTMENT

Now Ringer was an "expert," not a salesman, and he made millions. He also discovered the rules of life. (*1*) Life is short. (*2*) Get yours. (*3*) Get it in writing.

The day after I read Ringer was a busy one. At 8 A.M. I took my aging parents to the notary public to put our relationships in writing while there was still time. Then an argument with my wife about the foreclosure clause in the Total Womanhood agreement I handed her. I knew that there might be trouble so I ordered brochures:

ME
TO MYSELF . . . A FRIEND
TO A FRIEND . . . A CREDITOR
TO A WIFE . . . A REWARDING
CAREER WITHOUT COLLEGE

I sent the brochure to the first hundred women in the telephone book. Like Ringer said, you play the odds. Within a month, I had firm sales agreements with three new wives and sixty-day options on seven more.

I was a winner.

But winning isn't everything. There is also relating. My new life made me aware of just how complicated human relationships are, even if you dictate the fine print and have a good liquidated damages clause. Back to the bookstore, this time for some help from Transactional Analysis.

I'm O.K., You're O.K. gave me a whole new way of dealing with people. Everything that happens is a "transaction" between a child, a parent and an adult. For example, conversation 25:

Little Girl (C): I hate soup. I'm not going to eat it. You cook icky.

Mother (C): I'm just going to leave and then you can cook your own icky soup.

Here the child, who is really a child, is acting like a child, and the mother, who is really a parent, is acting like a child, and the only one who is acting like an adult is the soup, taking abuse and feeling icky. I learned the lesson: if you want to stay out of the soup keep out of the kitchen.

Brina Caplan and Leonard Ross are the authors of Gardening for Dominance.

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Thomas A. Harris, M.D. makes this all a lot clearer with thirty-three diagrams: circles, arrows and bar graphs, although I found it works even better if you use football charts and Arthur Murray dance steps.

By this time I thought that my life was set and that I knew all there was to know about being terrific. Was I wrong. It's a lucky thing that I picked up a copy of Ralph Charell's *How to Get the Upper Hand*. He's the man who turned ordinary complaints into thousands of dollars, and vice versa.

Have the airlines refused to take your Weimaraner in the first-class compartment? Buy yourself a white cane and make Wimpy your seeing-eye dog. Has the hotel lost your reservation and the manager refused to let you register? Announce you'll sleep soundly enough in the lobby and begin undressing. Has the shoe clerk left you barefooted while he went out to enjoy his lunch? Hire a look-alike actor with a smaller foot size. Have him measured for shoes that you will then try on. Keep switching places with your double until the clerk has learned what it's like when the shoe is on the other foot.

Charell knew his stuff, but his operations were on too small a scale. When my upstairs neighbors partied till dawn and told me to like it or lump it, I hired a medium to bring their parents back from the Beyond to lecture them on good manners. A month ago a restaurant lost my reservation and turned me away. Next evening the place was jammed with a hundred dwarves in rat costumes, just as the health inspectors arrived.

I got tired of waiting behind cheaters in the 10-package express line at the supermarket. My three Danny Bars melted while they unloaded cargo like a C-5A. I had my detectives hunt down where they lived. I arranged for them to be visited every hour on the hour, starting at 3 A.M. First ten wailing saxophonists, then ten jingling Hare Krishnas, then ten fast-talking insurance salesmen, then ten scowling NFL linebackers. What fun. I feel a whole lot better. Now I'm O.K. and so's my lawyer. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

Some find God in nature; others, in introspection. For the most part, though, each age shops for God at its own supermarket. In former times, that religious shelter wore the pious name of *church* and cloaked itself traditionally. In today's consumer age, *mall* may be the word. Or so a look at the shop-window, butcher-block design of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, New York's most striking new place of worship, would suggest.

"Supermarket" is not used with irreverence or any special criticism. After all, between the free-standing St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue and the new St. Peter's tucked into a high-rise on Lexington lies a century in which notions of the divine, not to mention the urban, have changed. The honest shell should show it. Who's to say the new St. Peter's—which sold its old church property to Citicorp and now sits in one corner (Lexington Avenue and 54th Street) of the pristine aluminum high-rise, a window away from the Terence Conran design shop and food-filled mall—is less in harmony with the spirit of the age than, say, Chartres whose stained-glass windows are, according to *Art News*, in a perilous state of neglect in modern France?

St. Peter's, a "hip, outgoing church," is more stable, we're told, than many of its neighbors who, lacking land of high real estate trade-in value, have structures as precarious as the inner cities around them. Certainly, the spectators who gather to look down through the wide glass windows onto its kind of Pit of True Believers bring life to the street—thus overcoming the standard complaint about high-rises that push concrete mats out toward the sidewalk. Moreover, the interior arrangements of this portion of architect Hugh Stubbins's much-noted building is rather handsome; the tiers of light oak benches surrounding an altar with vivid cushions might have sold well in the British designer's shop next door.

Besides, the sidewalk church is only the next step in the ecclesiastical design devised to retain suburban congregations. California's drive-in church, unlike the traditional ivied sanctuary, has not had to stage beanpot dinners for single parents to pull in the devout from the freeways. Even the born-again fundamentalists, with the "I found God" bumper stickers, no longer build the old-style, bend-the-knee architecture for their worshipers.

Most churches of the last two decades reflect the suburban mores around them. They do so as naturally as St. Peter's reflects a new style of city high-rise and mall. They lie low along the horizontal of the highway-bred town, constructed of materials and in designs as undistinguished as the developments around them. Outside, the odor of car exhaust hovers on their asphalt parking acreage; inside, the aroma of catered chicken dinners wafts across the skimpy partitions—made low and movable so that the boy's basketball team can romp about the body of the church after services.

Of course this environmental intimacy or symbolism (called semiotics in more scholarly circles) may not be so simple. A nation doesn't always get the architecture it deserves. Still, when Frank Lloyd Wright's Greek Orthodox Church in Milwaukee begins to look like a 1950s discount mall in the round, it is no accident that church architecture by lesser designers resembles the consumer society that surrounds it.

And, yet, for all the secular spirit in the design of such new churches, the search for a power and a glory (dare I say spirituality?) goes on. We seek something beyond clean-limned high risery, butcher-block mallism, or strip-city ranching. Perhaps it is the urge to shelter or solemnize our more important moments: all those passages of life and death, marriage and birth and coming of age, once ritualized in religion and now lacking an environment for celebration. Perhaps it is the urge for a visual frame, even a monumentality, as we slouch through a throwaway world.

I suspect that this search for a joyous, soaring environment explains the latest mode of twinkle-little-star architecture. Places like the mall and atrium at Citicorp—or, more dazzling still, the Water Tower by Warren Plattner in Chicago—are glass-dappled, bulb-spattered semblances of the celestial. If churches look like supermarkets, these luminous markets look like churches—gaudy churches, perhaps, but religious in the sense that they offer a total environment, drenching visitors in an experience outside their everyday surroundings.

Like the immersion in God, the immersion in shopping is heightened by this containerized and enveloping environment. And (if the parallels don't get a bit out of hand here) it is an ecstatic journey; in the psychedelic meaning of the word, a total trip. If you doubt this, notice the appeal everywhere of vertiginous design. The deliberately dizzying use of height has

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become a constant motif in the vertical mall. *High Anxiety*, Mel Brooks's Hitchcock parody, feeds on it, so do architects. Again notice how the World Trade Center's new observatory emphasizes its acrophobic effect by carrying the glass down to the floor, adding chills and thrills not experienced behind the protective railings at the Empire State Building's peak. This vertigo may be the cheap thrill of the amusement park and I, for one, dislike the sensation thoroughly. Nonetheless, it has abundant advocates and, admittedly, it "involves" the onlooker. None of your detachment and anomie here.

Get into the elevator that awaits you, dead center in Plattner's Water Tower. The box rises . . . rises . . . rises . . . producing a sense of suspension, a dazzling ascent to the apex of the shopping experience. There, you dismount and spiral down through consumer heaven, a ring of stores at every level. And, as in centuries past, its architects adorn the overpowering space with precious materials. Granted, the materials that surface Chicago's Water Tower are more on the order of marbleized wrapping paper than marble; nevertheless, the inside has the sensuous, if smothering, oneness of art and commerce.

Once, the church coaxed this sort of environmental artistry out of the architect; from Chartres to the turn-of-the-century Renaissance, architects collaborated with other artists and other talents as tender as their own. Today's church does not do so—décor is mail-order rococo—but the chic "supermarket" does. In super-mall, the architect joins with others, perforce; the designers of windows and the craftsmen of neon are his colleagues and, in collaboration, he creates a monument. Like the spires to God and the skyscraper to mammon, his monument to the consumer is clear and visible across town—not necessarily in height, but in the flash of mirror glass, the triangle of roof line.

Monuments have their place "in perpetuating, even defining historical memory and the image of the city—key ideas in coming to terms with the public realm in architecture." So Charles Jencks writes in his revised last chapter to *The Language of Post-Modern Architecture* (Rizzoli), due later this year. "Without a clear insistence on public symbolism—and this means monumental, permanent gestures that self-consciously articulate certain values—the image of a city becomes inchoate, its architecture evasive."

Do such structures as the Water Tower or the mirrored monolith of Detroit's new Renaissance Center supply this urge for definition today, as the spires once did? Perhaps we are so poor at civic architecture that the glossy office-hotel-supermarket is the successor church, if not the successor city. Yet I doubt that even a secular, consumer age is quite ready to sell off all its aspirations-for-the-spiritual to this soulless and sealed-off chic.

Some offer another alternative to the church. They say the museum is the substitute cathedral, our secularized temple. For architects, its proliferation has certainly been an artistic godsend, giving them freedom to make a somewhat sculptural statement. The much-heralded new Centre Pompidou for the arts in Paris, is an instance. With its innards vividly outward and its commanding presence on the streetscape, it has been called a "mechanical Nirvana." Like it or not, call it "neo-Bowelism" or a "transatlantic liner," the bold outlines designed by the English firm of Piano and Rogers do give off the message that some public values reign beyond those of the market and the shopper, the hotel and the office tower.

The American equivalent to this new urban museum design, though more often than not a demi-classical shrine on the grass, has been a distinct presence too. Since Wright's Guggenheim, if not before, museum architects have tried to upstage the art they were hired to house; and, looking at the way Kevin Roche/John Dinkeloo's expansive greenhouse outshines the intimate art in the Metropolitan Museum's Lehman wing, it is clear the impulse lasts.

But despite this clear architectural icon, the museum cannot be relied upon to be our new cathedral, and for that statement the Yale Center for British Art, which opened in New Haven a few months ago, is convenient proof. The detailing, lighting and layout of the museum show the spatial skill of Louis Kahn, the central vault is a mellower spectacle than the usual atrium, consonant with the place. Yet the industrial aesthetic of the design, with its concrete, pipes, stainless steel façade and so forth, doesn't quite create a palace of the arts, much less a latter-day Parthenon to new gods.

Nor does the building have the presence on the street to make it serve as the spiritual landmark sought by some. It is not the architect's fault that the town of New Haven ordered Yale to line the museum's first floor with modest shops for taxable revenue. Still, if a master architect, provided with a Mellon purse-wielder and a superb art collection, can't build an elegant temple to the arts, it's likely no museum will do so. If we are looking for a spiritual sense in architecture, we had better retreat to the old 19th-century Yale Art Gallery across the street.

Should a museum look like a temple, anyhow, or even like a museum? The question is valid, and modern architecture has said "no." It waged the battle for a universal space, for a machine-tooled look that rejected "tired" symbolism. And it won. The pallid product of that victory has bred a counter hope for the end of formless forms and the forlorn wish that churches might look like churches, museums like temples to the arts, thus restoring a richness to the contemporary environment. Perhaps that hope is why old buildings—the crustier the trim, the rickrackier the gingerbread—now attract so many.

Yet we still build new churches in the manner of Levittown community centers and supermarkets with a valueless glitter. Perhaps we lack the confidence in our institutions to do otherwise. "Houses, factories, today become museums tomorrow," the architect of the Centre Pompidou has said. "Maybe one day our museum might become a food store." If the art inside becomes as expendable as any other commodity, he seems to say, the shell will endure; it will be recycled as a supermarket. That is the safe way to build, of course, but if the enshrinement of this architecture of "getting and spending" leaves us still waiting for Godot, we should not be surprised. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Bertolt Brecht wrote *Man Is Man* in 1926, before he had written his major works from *The Threepenny Opera* to *Mother Courage*. *Man Is Man* was a first step toward the path which has been called the technique of "epic narrative."

Though in this instance he had a number of collaborators, the play is characteristically Brechtian in language and attitude. But it is by no means as successful as a whole as most of his later ones. Its *idea* is as significant as it is provocative: Galy Gay, a presumably Irish dock porter, is a meek and timorous little fellow who, through a series of absurd coincidences and external pressures, is transmogrified into a ruthless soldier. Unless a human be-

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ing possesses genuine conviction or a deep-seated commitment to a faith he can be molded into almost any shape, that is to say, "brainwashed."

To make this inescapably clear as "thesis" Brecht inserted an interlude. In one translation it reads:

> A man's a man, says Mr. Bertolt Brecht
> And that is hardly more than you'd expect
> But Mr. Brecht goes on to show
> That you can change a man from top to toe
> You'll see a man remodelled like a car
> Without incurring the slightest loss or scar. . . .

This is interesting and may be sound, but in couching it in a series of semi-picaresque, loosely structured, topsy-turvy scenes, the effect is somewhat dissipated. The tone is always good-natured. It is very like a peasant yarn, time and place are toyed with; we are in 1925 but Queen Victoria is on the throne, the British soldiers are dubbed with such bogus names as Uriah Shelley, Jeraiah Jip, Polly Baker, and a woman canteen owner who goes by the odd sobriquet of Leokadia Begbick. It is a serious fable told as extravagant comedy. We are only mildly engaged in the narrative: the message does not quite exercise the intended impress.

Ron Daniels, the English director of the Yale Repertory Theatre production (New Haven), undoubtedly aware of the attenuation of the play's material, compensates for it by complex scenic investiture and by all sorts of histrionic high jinks. This is all to the good. The cast lends itself zestfully to the directorial scheme—with Estelle Parsons as the widow Begbick giving weight to the occasion by her quiet authority; and there are winning performances by Joe Grifasi as Galy Gay, and slightly clownish ones by John Shea and several others.

To give the play a "punch" consonant with the temper of our day, a Brecht poem from another source set to music by William Bolcom has been appended. The soldiers attacking the enemy fortress and demolishing it set down their arms and with revolutionary defiance sing: "Fuck your war/Fight your own fight/We're turning our rifles around/And this time we're fighting our own war/And our reason this time will be right." Though stirring, the song reverses the play's thesis and is not altogether appropriate to its general mood. It would have been fittingly and heroically subversive during the Vietnam years.

The Long Wharf Theatre (also in New Haven) has put on *Spokesong*, a new (North) Irish play by Stewart Parker, a native and resident of Belfast. Originally presented in 1975 at the Dublin Theatre Festival, *Spokesong* was produced the following season in London and won for Mr. Parker a newspaper award as Most Promising Playwright of the Season.

I agree that it is promising and that it provides an entirely agreeable and intelligent two-hours' pastime, though it didn't "renew my faith in the theatre," as one of our reviewers rhapsodized. I was satisfied to be pleased.

Why *Spokesong*? It takes place in a Belfast bicycle shop alternately in the early 1970s and in the same setting eighty years before. The owner, Frank —delightfully played by John Lithgow —is likably fanatic in his partisanship for the bicycle as against "the internal combustion machine." That preference is a funny and lyrically fanciful symbol for the good old days before the common use of such instruments as the machine gun of contemporary Ulster.

The play is amusingly nostalgic, and its writing combines intellectual sophistication of verbiage with Celtic lilt. Our hero, endowed with that gift of gab common to the Irish, is an impractical, daffy soul, inspired by a wholesome humanism. He is in love with Daisy, a no-nonsense redheaded schoolteacher acted by Virginia Vestoff with appealing forthrightness. She is fond of Frank in his enthusiastic humors but inclined to have reservations about them. The terrors of the street (bombs exploding at any time anywhere) make her plan to run off to London with Frank's misanthropic and quasi-traitorous half-brother. But she soon recognizes the error of that decision and chooses to stick by our Frank.

This is set forth in scenes of reminiscence interlarded with old-time songs, authentic and invented, all of them very nice. They hark back to World War I and to even earlier days, before the recent Troubles. An interlocutor, called a "trick cyclist," assumes a number of different roles (ingratiatingly impersonated by Joseph Maher), and supplies the necessary comments in song and prose.

Everyone sings! Together with the soft stuff, sentimentally gushing in the Irish manner, but still spiced with humor and sense, there are constant reminders of the political embroilments and horrors which now bedevil the houses and streets of Belfast—only to be washed away again in affectionate sentiment and smiles.

The entire cast—Josef Sommer as Frank's grandfather, Maria Tucci as the latter's pioneer feminist wife—is good, and John Horton as Frank's cynical half-brother especially so. The direction by Kenneth Frankel is all that it should be.

On the Twentieth Century, based on the 1932 play of similar title by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, and on an earlier one by Bruce Millholland, is, I venture to say, a new Broadway musical comedy hit (St. James Theatre). Its book and lyrics are by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, its music by Cy Coleman.

It is a triumph of a certain professionalism and *chutzpah*. I ascribe this to Adolph Green's ebullient nature disciplined by Betty Comden's decorous wit. What in the original Hecht-MacArthur play was a farce about show-business foolishness has become in every respect an extravaganza, with Robin Wagner's bright and costly settings and some rib-tickling business in Harold Prince's direction. The music seems simply to serve.

The *chutzpah* I refer to consists of the justified premise that you can be as "crazy" as you wish in the theatre, particularly in a musical, if you do it without blush or tremor and abundant dispatch. The firmly resonant baritone, John Cullum, plays Oscar Jaffe, a *meshugenah* Broadway producer, as if

COUNTRY DRIVE-IN

Sudden, around the curve, a high-up and huge
face luminous as a clock blocks out a quarter sky.
Small I move small in my small car below
the head of a giantess, unbodied as John's
on the screen's charger.
Blue as seas, its eyes release bright pools,
kidney-shaped tears slide down the vasty cheeks.
The lips' cavern parts on teeth
whiter and bigger than any bedded wolf's.
How will she fit such colored mammoth grief
into the dark beneath my matchstick ribs?

Josephine Jacobsen

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he were giving an imitation of Adolph Green imitating John Barrymore's sufficiently nutty performance in the play's film version. Madeline Kahn, sometimes brilliant, as the stage and screen star Lily Garland nee Mildred Plotka of the Bronx, does everything well—singing, mugging, acting, posing, cavorting. There is a hard edge to her, but she manages everything with sure-fire confidence. Very effectively hammy—an asset rather than a demerit here—is Kevin Kline, skillful and handsome, as Lily's fatuous Hollywood actor-boyfriend.

The exhibit is splashy, eye-filling, and the best in musical comedy that Broadway offers thus far this season. I laughed a lot—for various reasons. Once again Comden-Green have been "carried away—carried away!" □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

In the catalogue of the Willem de Kooning exhibition at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum (until April 23), Diane Waldman links his name with famous artists, among them Bonnard, El Greco, Monet, Mondrian, Picasso, Rubens and Soutine. At one point her use of comparison is illuminating, when she describes some of de Kooning's images of women as "a hybrid of Rubens and Reginald Marsh." Marsh was influenced by Rubens, too, but transferred his big women to Coney Island or the subway; de Kooning's women are on the beaches of Long Island. Waldman also relates de Kooning to Marcel Duchamp, whose "Nude Descending a Staircase" made the Armory show famous; the painting is, now she suggests it, a plausible source of de Kooning's erotic anatomies. However, she confuses matters by bringing in another aspect of Duchamp, the use of ready-made objects as sculpture, which interested Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg; she manages to make it sound as if de Kooning influenced Pop art. Waldman sees no incongruity in linking de Kooning's sculpture, which he took up late in life, with Rodin and Giacometti who were at least full-time sculptors.

Of Mondrian and de Kooning she has this to say: "The tones and light of the landscape of Holland are reflected in both painters' work." I cannot see if they are or not, but I can think of another Dutch painter with whom de Kooning might be compared, Bram van Velde. Like de Kooning he relies on a Cubist armature to brace his paintings, and like de Kooning he dramatizes irresolution in the act of painting. Writers on de Kooning have stressed the ambiguity of references in his pictures and his rejection of a closed surface for his work. Van Velde is not a robust painter like de Kooning but, as Samuel Beckett discussed in a rare piece of art criticism, he invests the creative act with the endless modulation of existential anxiety. Despite Beckett's support, however, his is not a famous name and so would not have assisted in the elevation of de Kooning.

The trouble with art criticism as the social register of great minds in the sky is that it has the effect of taking art out of its time and making artists appear to be in orbit around constant forms and problems. "De Kooning's preoccupation in these recent paintings with the sensations and reflections of color and light may be compared to the late Monet." Actually the two artists paint very differently and with different purposes: linking them on the basis of "color and light" is anti-historical and absolutist.

It is not even necessary in an exhibition called "Willem de Kooning in East Hampton" to raise the stakes like this. A specific period of his work is on show, basically 1964 to 1977. It is interesting to see the work of a substantial artist in such detail: here are 100 or so works, fifty-six paintings, twenty-three drawings and sixteen sculptures. The chance to soak oneself in an interrelated group of works like this is illuminating, better in some respects than the longer period covered by a retrospective, and certainly infinitely fuller than small annual or biannual gallery exhibitions. In the detailed sections of her catalogue Diane Waldman is a clear guide to the chronology and deserves our gratitude. Here is the information needed to form a picture of de Kooning as an exurbanite, a kind of Horace on the Sabine farm.

The subject of the later paintings is women or perhaps girls. Waldman compares them with the prostitutes in Manet's "Olympia" and Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," but perhaps they are more like groupies. De Kooning's present cast is pink, agitated and supple: the models of Manet and Picasso are iconographically apt to de Kooning's earlier series of women, 1950-55, and so was Rubens. The monumental single figures were a combination of Rubens and cubism, an extraordinary union of Cubist structure and the painterly creation of form

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which de Kooning forced to brilliant effect. The new figures, splayed all around the Guggenheim, are neither massive nor compacted; they are not Baroque but Rococo. De Kooning has gone, so to say, from painting in a way like Rubens to painting in a way like Boucher or Fragonard (two artists not named in the catalogue).

In his early days de Kooning made a tight, somber picture which he called "Asheville," after the Southern town, but with of course mortuary undercurrents. (It is a symbolic city like Dashiell Hammett's crime-riddled city Personville which a character pronounces as "Poisonville.") One of his new paintings is called "Amityville," after the place in Long Island, of course, but also implying the pleasures of the pastoral. In both pictures de Kooning's theory of "intimate proportions," formulated in the 1950s to define a way of painting the body as a flow of interchangeable parts, seems to apply: knuckle and elbow, thigh and forearm are conflated. De Kooning fuses the circulating viewpoint of cubism with the erotic painting of flesh. In spirit however the artist has moved in the two paintings from the death of Sardonapolis to a nude beach party. In the later work forms are never large or commanding but small and fluttery; the brush strokes undulate like a salad that a girl is going to jump out of, if they do not represent the girl directly.

The paintings are manually and visually spectacular: sweet and sour color, squeezed and dragged paint, prolonged gradients of color and joltingly unexpected contours. The roughness of handling and the sting of colors should not obscure the fact that the swarm of small forms, this evocation of soft crowds, has a Rococo sensuality. There are bouquets, huddles and teams of girls. When the diffuse body parts come together in the drawings, they are seen to be disheveled and pouting showgirls. De Kooning's subject is women displaying themselves to men, or at least to de Kooning. We can say that the latest forced stylistic synthesis of de Kooning is Abstract Expressionism and the Rococo pastoral, in the form of burlesque. The pinup is one of the elements that contributed to the ambitious composite imagery of the first series of paintings of women. The girlie world has become central to the later work of de Kooning, which is superb in its physical amplitude but banal in its base. □

1914
(Translated from the Russian of Anna Akhmatova)

Can you still stand on the edge of the Neva
and watch it move,
can you still walk out nights and look down
from the bridges until the waters blur and merge with you
and you lift your arms off the green iron railings,
and shake yourself back?
There's a reason I'm called sad
since the first time I saw you in a dream,
saw you hover beside me in bed
then disappear like mist sucked out of my room.
Black angels have wings honed thin as a razor,
the end of the world is almost here—
God will judge our lives;
fires the size of a fist have burst out everywhere on the hills.
roses of blood on the snow
puncturing that white skin everywhere.

Stephen Berg

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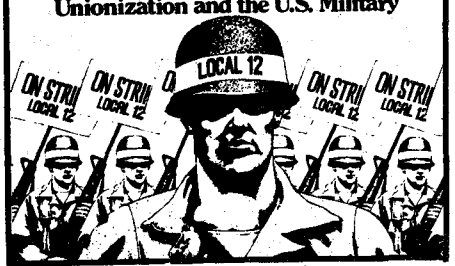

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INDIGENOUS MUSIC/ Nat Hentoff

Labels, Duke Ellington once said, are the misinventions of critics in order to make things easier for *them*. Duke put only his name to his music and paid no attention to what others called it. Charles Mingus takes the same approach, and always has. When Mingus was coming up, he played for a time with Kid Ory and was criticized for being old-timey by some hipster musicians of Mingus's own age. The formidable bassist answered, much like Duke, "It's all music."

Some musicians, however, have spent years locked into a category—for economic reasons (that's where the gigs were) or because they were insufficiently aggressive to break out. Pee Wee Russell was such a prisoner of other people's notions. For decades, he was boxed into such narrowing descriptions as Dixieland or Nicksieland (the latter being a variation of the former as supposedly practiced at Nick's, a Greenwich Village spa where Pee Wee often played). Accordingly, most critics did not really *hear* Pee Wee who actually was so singularly inventive that, as Coleman Hawkins once said approvingly, he was playing "strange notes" as far back as the 1920s. Only toward the end of his life was Pee Wee able to make a few recordings in which he was wholly free to be his uncategorizable self—playing, for example, some pieces by those decided non-Dixielanders, John Coltrane and Thelonious Monk.

Even in his more or less regular surroundings, Russell could fit in with his colleagues while also improvising soliloquies that were intimately though daringly sui generis. A marvelously illus-

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trative concert is *Eddie Condon in Japan* (Chiaroscuro/Audio Fidelity)—a record of a 1964 Far Eastern tour by one of Condon's enliveningly motley crews. Indeed, the session as a whole is further proof that Condon himself was not as parochial in his tastes as a good many critics and reviewers used to assume, again without really listening.

Condon, it is true, was as suspicious of much modern jazz as he was of teetotalers. But he had catholic, if discriminating, enthusiasms for improvisers within all of what later was to be called "mainstream"—or pre-bop—jazz. And so, in this set, there are Basie alumni Buck Clayton (trumpet), Vic Dickenson (trombone) and Jimmy Rushing (vocals). The tenor is Bud Freeman, who also was long labeled as a "Chicago-style" improviser, but who had ears, curiosity, and technique that carried him far beyond that dialect.

Hank O'Neal, who *is* Chiaroscuro and the very model of the enthusiast who puts out on records only what he himself would like to hear, has done the rest of us a permanent boon by making this Japanese concert available. The performances are utterly relaxed without being in the least flaccid, and two are so subtly inventive as now to be part of the canon of nonpareil jazz experiences. One is Jimmy Rushing's *Am I Blue*, the essence of truly urbane jazz singing. The other is *Pee Wee's Blues*, which reveals, once more, how jejune the more renowned and far better compensated Benny Goodman was and is by contrast to Russell. It is somewhat like the difference between Norman Mailer and Samuel Beckett.

Another indication of why the largely unknown Hank O'Neal is so vital to the jazz recording scene is *Stacy's Still Swinging* (Chiaroscuro). Jess Stacy is responsible for one of the most lyrically astonishing moments in jazz history. It came amid the bombast of *Sing, Sing, Sing* during Benny Goodman's 1938 Carnegie Hall concert. Suddenly, the clatter subsided, and a piano solo revealed—in its taste, economy, and rhythmic flow—what all the collective blather up till then had lacked.

Long before that soft explosion in 1938, Stacy had been well regarded by jazz musicians in the Midwest; and after his time with Benny Goodman, he went on to bring class to other bands and, for a time, headed his own. (The vocalist was his then wife, Lee Wiley, another paradigm of penetrating understatement.)

Stacy had been larely forgotten until O'Neal persuaded him, at 73, to make this solo album. And here is a most mellow, definitive statement of the Stacy two-handed credo of jazz improvisation—a left hand which could still swing a massive band and a right hand abundant in flowing, imaginative variations upon variations of such tunes as *I've Got a Crush on You* and *What Is There to Say?* Very few pianists are able simultaneously to sound so full of ideas and tone colors while also seeming to float. This is swinging grace, an unexpected reminder of how durable the jazz spirit can be. □

TELEVISION / Peter Sourian

King, the six-hour NBC drama shown over three nights beginning February 12, is a sober, straightforward, very well-acted biography of Martin Luther King Jr., providing a couple of new revelations, and ending with his assassination ten years ago. The King/TV connection is almost symbiotic, and goes back a long way. For one thing, as his wife wrote in *TV Guide* (February 11-17), whatever King accomplished was in part due to the phenomenon of TV, which kept showing us how brutally we treat people who have the effrontery to try to claim—however modestly—their denied rights, as outlined in the Constitution.

But the accomplishment was also due to the corollary fact that, while television was relatively newfangled, Mayor Gayle, Bull Connor, Jim Clark and the other white Southern officials were old hat. They had no David Garth to lead them out of the wilderness. Ambling along as usual, they were taken by surprise, and lacked the imagination to see that they were being watched by a beast of instant communication, hungry for mammoth portions of drama—something soon to be served up by the blacks, with the white officials themselves assisting as co-producers and supporting cast. Bull Connor said it with unwitting irony early on: "You're going to find out I'm your best friend."

King understood this when he said: "That's what this movement is—to reveal these people to themselves." He followed the lead of Rosa Parks who had refused to give up her seat in that

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Montgomery bus in 1955 because she was just plain "tired"—but who was also of such dignified presence that she could not credibly be charged with disorderly conduct, and thereby challenged a specifically racist municipal ordinance that stated a black must surrender her seat to a white.

So the plot of the TV drama was one in which white barbarism and savagery were continually revealed to whites through compelling contrast with the *civilization* of blacks until, if we wished to maintain the pretense of being civilized, we could not help but align ourselves with those blacks.

It is perhaps doubtful, then, that King's combination of logic, principle and exalted rhetoric could have developed into very much more than that old-time church comfort, administered to poor blacks by middle-class black preachers with the implicit approval of their white rulers, if King hadn't managed to stage a telegenic series so ready-made for TV that the networks had to do nothing except let their cameras run.

Erik Barnouw, in *Tube of Plenty*, writes that "at first television and radio paid little attention to King. But soon his Gandhi-inspired crusade, which always ran the risk of bloodshed, began to draw cameramen and tape recorders, sometimes resulting in 2-minute items on newscasts." By 1963 many millions of people all over the world were watching in their living rooms when King said "I have a dream" in front of the Lincoln Memorial.

By then, King's media exposure had convinced President Kennedy that good morality could make good politics, or at least that it might be worth a larger bet than the early tentative and politically successful gesture of his phone call to Coretta King during the 1960 election, when King was in jail. King had not been unduly impressed by that call, but now, as shown in the film biography, Kennedy went over the heads of his nervous advisers, deciding that "Someone has to use the moral power of this office to say that segregation is wrong."

Kennedy was soon killed; however, his successor moved actively in the direction Kennedy had begun to take. But Johnson's rage when King spoke out against the war in Vietnam makes one wonder how deeply felt his concern could have been, how a genuinely concerned President could in any way imply that his pique at one black leader could be allowed to jeopardize a program aimed at justice for all blacks—especially when that leader was a genuine leader, thus by definition *belonging* to ordinary black people as a whole.

Johnson's rage, along with the timorous reactions of other black leaders to King's position on the war, was yet another suggestion that our culture is somehow not conducive to the development of any deep political conviction in the people at large. The recent spectacle of Jesse Jackson eloquently hawking black votes to the Republican Party bears this out. No wonder our pollsters thrive; we are constantly needing to find out what we think. Or what we buy. The folk expression, *I'll buy that*, is uniquely American.

Well, do we still buy what Kennedy had perceived us as buying just before he was murdered? We do not. As the economic pie shrinks in the urban Northeast, so do liberal convictions. At the same time, since we are more sophisticated than Bull Connor, so is our Northern injustice less embarrassingly dramatic, less continuingly telegenic. TV cannot devour ravaged pork barrels with the same relish as it once did men, women and children massed in the streets of benighted Southern towns. Nor is there mass-media prime-time drama in the disgusting spectacle of New York schoolchildren not knowing what the expression *first-person singular* means, after twelve full years in a system administered by "liberals" who for so long enjoyed fulminating from on high against rednecks.

Statistics bear out the fact that no progress whatever has been made toward economic freedom for the ordinary black. The real gains which have been made in certain areas, such as voter registration in the South, have made it that much easier for middle-class whites so disposed to mutter, *What more do they want*?

Both Kennedys, King, Malcolm X, the Black Panthers . . . one wonders in paranoid fashion about other deaths, including that of Walter Reuther. *Cut off the head and the body dies*, goes the proverb.

So NBC celebrates Martin Luther King and the Civil Rights movement of the 1960s. The perhaps rude question is, does it embalm them? (You have your hero, now shut up.) One distinguishes three phases here: (*1*) by its nature, TV originally had much to do with the rise of the movement; (*2*) again by its nature, it contributed to the movement's decline in the 1960s as living-room images of orderly marches were replaced by scenes of disorder rising to violence; (*3*) it now, ironically, may have presided in a relatively empty church (low Nielson ratings) over a lovely funeral. As one black viewer said to a friend of mine, without impugning the quality of the film itself: "We've already been there." □

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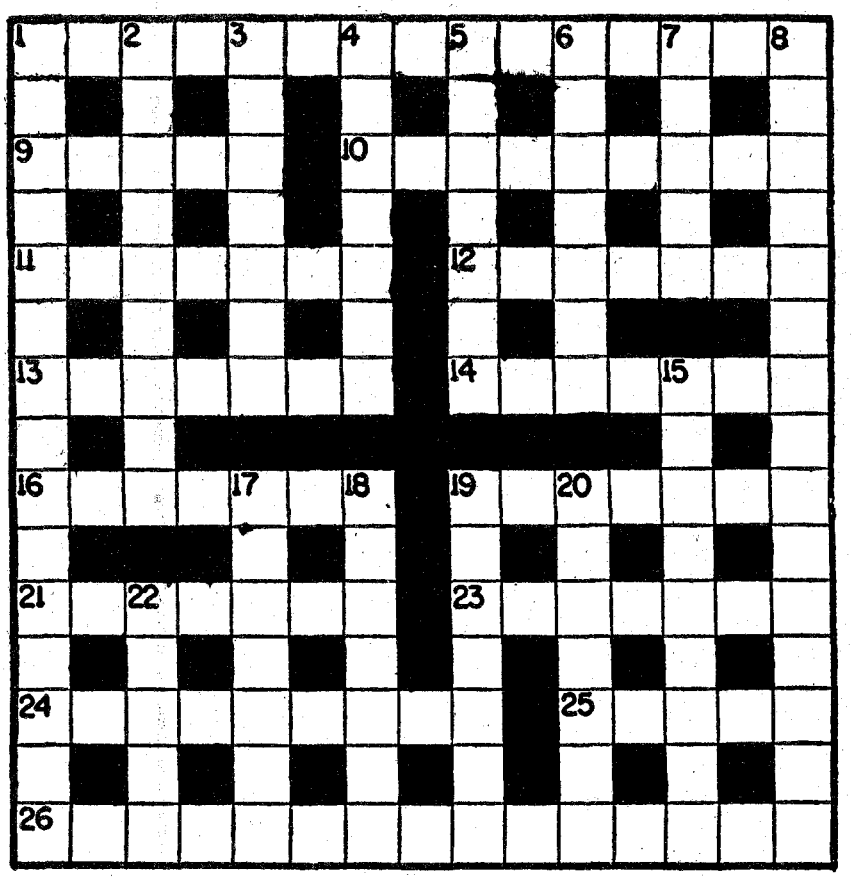
Crossword Puzzle No. 1717

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 To adequately describe it, you must have an example here. (5,10)
9 Part of the race ends up in two directions (or one) which is a small error. (5)
10 Plot directed at the vehicle around it? (9)
11 Needles, thread, etc., but not things charged. (7)
12 A drunkard present, with a childish recrimination. (2,5)
13 U.S. codes, broken through the use of foreign money. (7)
14 Concerning a familiar mode of transport, it shows what you can do with paper. (7)
16 Is set in a different environment for some of Michelangelo's work. (7)
19 See 3 down
21 Not territorial waters, and certainly not closed to navigation. (4,3)
23 Less plain, perhaps, or someone who likes things so. (7)
24 Wearing a close-fitting garment, one might have his—in fact, one would have two in a suit. (9)
25 One form of an insect—you might consider him a god at heart. (5)
26 One would be crazy to put a little biscuit on the matched furniture, as you might hear. (10,5)

DOWN

1 It doesn't imply that saying nothing is mean, in one traditional sense. (7,2,6)
2 What sometimes happens to a cigarette smoker whose mouth is dry might add a touch of color. (9)
3 and 19 across They never imply times were bad! (3,4,3,4)
4 He is supposed to have an evening job. (7)
5 Ironic's just the word for the cutting type! (7)
6 Amin has an auditory end, which isn't at all bright! (7)
7 One price per unit? You should get mad! (5)
8 Did he change character because the spirit moved him? (8,7)
15 Charisma starts to be accompanied by various beginnings—it's bound to be noisy. (9)
17 No man could be so, paraphrasing the poet. (7)
18 Capable of stretching a portion of the last ice cream? (7)
19 Is it a crime for those trying to score? (7)
20 Old Mr. Tucker passes on such as Yankee Doodle. (7)
22 Part of the spider up the spout? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1716

ACROSS: 1 Playing dead; 9 Tong; 10 Lilac; 11 Idea; 12 Portion; 13 Winston; 15 Sophists; 16 Nelson; 18 Tropic; 21 Referral; 24 Crybaby; 26 Archway; 29 April; 31 Tree surgeon. DOWN: 2 Lightship; 3, 30 and 28 Yellowstone Park; 4 Nile; 5 and 6 Dictionaries; 7 Rococo; 8 De Soto; 14 Usury; 17 Larghetto; 19 Reread; 20 Cabbage; 22 Foreleg; 23 Avaunt; 25 Baker; 27 Frau.

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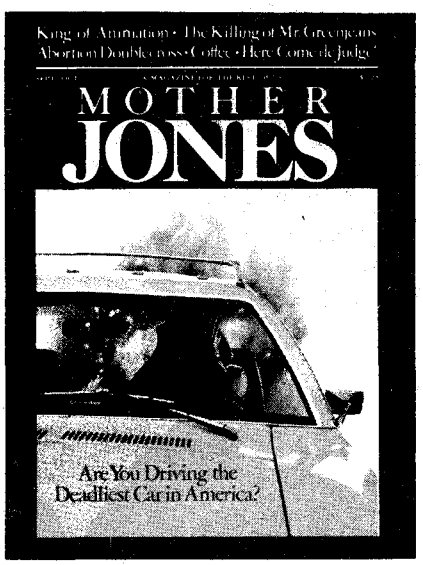

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